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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 21, 1947

**"MONTY"**





Smart clothes and  
Chocolate must have  
quality and



## MURIEL STEINBECK

— a leading lady of fashion as well as on the screen and stage. —  
Miss Steinbeck is seen here wearing her favourite cocktail hat — a dramatic black velvet snood caught each side with clusters of white flowers

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## Small's make great Chocolate

"THE BETTER THE CHOCOLATE THE LOUDER THE SNAP"



**Luxury was not  
for Henry, but  
he made it pay.**

# WINTER STRAWBERRIES

By . . .  
**DARBY WALKER**  
**ST. JOHN**

**A**T first it was so dark in the bar that Henry couldn't see the girl's face. He only knew that she was looking at him. Then he forgot her.

He sat down with Buck and they ordered drinks. He was an angular boy, lankily put together, so that his brand-new clothes hung upon him hollowly.

"This is the way a tadpole feels when it changes into a frog; the future, blank," Henry thought, "It's funny—you sit in a millionaire's bar and you feel like a millionaire."

He gave a glance at Buck. Even Buck showed no taint of the machine-shop. The drinks came. Henry spread a twenty largely on the counter.

"Hey, nix!" Buck grabbed. Henry hung on. "My idea. The vacation," Henry said, "is over. We are now among the unemployed." They were hard and healthy from a month's hiking tour.

Buck said, "You're lucky. You got something to reconvert with."

Henry said, "Nuts!" and lifted his glass. His face twisted in an owlish grin. "Cheers. Good-bye, Marvin Machine Shop! Hello, bright new world!" he said.

"What are you going to do now?" Buck asked.

"To-morrow I start reading the advts. What about you?"

"My uncle gave me a letter," Buck said. "To a Mr. Hendricks, of Pinkham & Co. Investments, I'm seeing him in the morning."

"If he asks have you got a friend, remember me." "Check."

They had some more liquor. They drank to McCrosky, the shop foreman. They drank to J. P. Marvin. Mostly they knew Marvin from crisp orders on a blackboard.

"Never saw anything shut up faster," Henry said mellowly, "than the old man's plant the day the Japs folded. Wonder what he's doing now?"

"He's stretched on some sunny slope, counting his millions and worrying about his income tax."

"I wasn't really wondering what the old man was doing," Henry said. "I was really wondering what the old man's daughter was doing."

"You only saw her once."

"Yes," Henry agreed largely. "That's the kind of a girl you only see once." He leaned on his elbows, remembering. It was pleasant to remember a girl in a white suit who had smiled when he yanked a cable out of her way.

Buck was tugging fiercely at his sleeve. "Look," he said, "isn't that her?"

"Who?"

"Her! Over there by the wall. Red bandanna. She's with a girl-friend," Buck said. "She's looking this way."

As Henry turned, the girl smiled. It was actually Miss Marvin. For a minute she met Henry's blank stare; then she turned coolly to her friend.

Buck said bluntly, "What did you glower for?"

Suddenly Henry felt as if these spirits were hitting him. "I couldn't believe she was smiling at me."

"You ought to apologise."

Henry sat clutching his drink, not accepting this thing. "She couldn't remember me! The one time she saw me I had grease all over my face."

"If she thinks she does, who are you to quibble?"

They had another drink. The girl did not look his way again. When she got up to leave, Henry astonished himself by crossing to intercept her near the door. "Miss Marvin? I'm afraid I didn't recognise you. You know—the dark. It's nice to see you again."

The girl seemed to study him. He knew then; she hadn't placed him. She was racking her brains and was trying not to show it. She said, "Yes, it's been quite a while, hasn't it? Mr. —"

He helped her: "Henry Lee."

She hesitated, puckering her brows. "I'm trying to think where we met."

Suddenly Henry did not want to be dragged back

*He had almost  
despaired of  
finding her when  
suddenly he  
heard her call,  
"Hi there,  
Henry."*

into the wartime frenzy and sweat and grime of the machine-shop. He wanted a new life. He wanted to look ahead. He grinned crookedly. "I'm trying to remember, myself."

"Was it at the Alcotts?"

"I don't know the Alcotts," Henry said. "Are you staying at this hotel?"

"Dad and I have a hotel bungalow. Are you?"

He started to tell her. But he did not tell her. Henry did not say, "I am living in a cheap room, where you hear the ocean but don't see it, where you walk through a hall smelling of cabbage." His rosy state of mind made all that seem very remote, indeed. What Henry wanted was to be near Miss Marvin.

He said, "Yes—I am."

"Then I guess I'll see you around."

"Yes," Henry said. "I guess you will."

Henry had breakfast in the hotel sunroom. He had paid up his rent in the rooming-house and had moved into the hotel. To-day he had meant to look for a job; but he did not worry; he would not think about it. Two thousand dollars was more money than Henry had ever possessed before. He felt rich.

He toyed with a dish of winter strawberries and watched people, gay people with time to spend and money to spend. After breakfast he prowled through the lobby twice. But he did not see Miss Marvin. He bought a paper. The idea that he must look for a job nudged him again faintly.

He said hello to the desk clerk. He moved on, and was forced to step aside before a battery of bellboys hurrying through the lobby with numerous pieces of luggage labelled R.O.

"Roger Orcutt," the clerk volunteered. "The Detroit magnate."

Henry settled into a deep leather chair near the windows. He opened the newspaper to the Help Wanted page.

"Hi!"

He was startled. He struggled up jerkily. "Hello, Miss Marvin." He closed the paper, crumpling it carelessly under his arm. He was without yesterday's glowing confidence. But he tried; he grinned crookedly. "Hi, yourself."

She held her head high; he saw that she was a wilful young person. She said, glancing at his paper, "Don't let me disturb you."

"You didn't," Henry assured her seriously.

"What were you reading? The financial page?"

"Er—yes."

"You're as bad as Daddy." She smiled. "I'm going to the pool. If you feel like company, I'll be on the right."

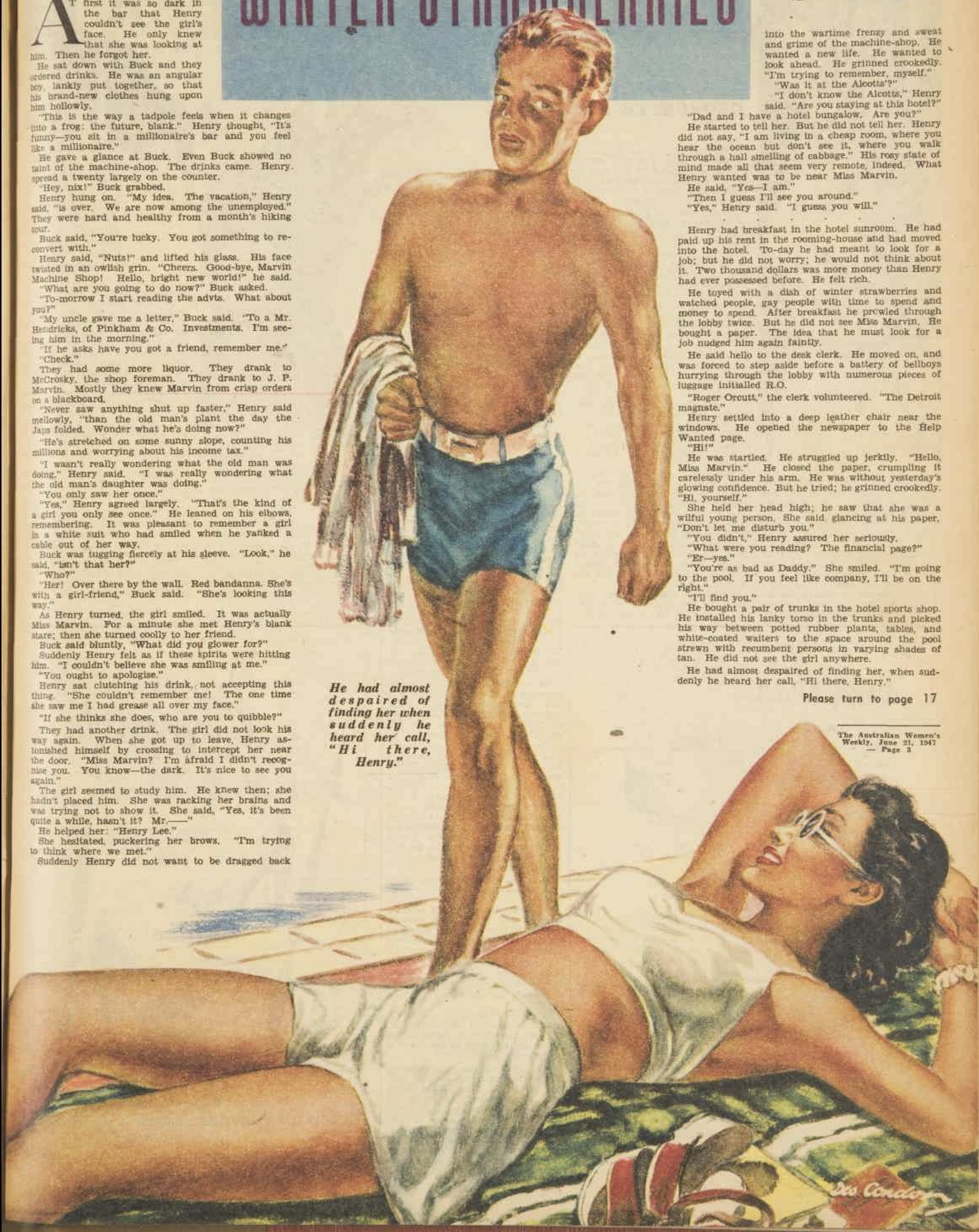
"I'll find you."

He bought a pair of trunks in the hotel sports shop. He installed his lanky torso in the trunks and picked his way between potted rubber plants, tables, and white-coated waiters to the space around the pool strewn with recumbent persons in varying shades of tan. He did not see the girl anywhere.

He had almost despaired of finding her, when suddenly he heard her call, "Hi there, Henry."

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# NO WIND OF BLAME

By . . .  
**GEORGETTE HEYER**

**A** MASS of conflicting evidence confronts INSPECTOR HEMINGWAY, of Scotland Yard, who is investigating the death of WALLY CARTER, husband of wealthy ex-actress ERMYNTRUDE CARTER, owner of the lovely country home, Greystanes.

Wally was shot dead crossing the bridge to Greystanes Downer House on his way to visit his friend, HAROLD WHITE. The murder rifle, found later, is identified as one that belonged to Ermyntude's first husband, and has been purloined from the Greystanes gunroom.

Other members of Ermyntude's household are VICKY FANSHAWE, her daughter, and MARY CLIFFE, Wally's cousin; while HUGH DERING and DR. MAURICE CHESTER are frequent visitors.

Involved in the case are the fortune-hunting Russian Prince, ALEXIS VARASASHVILI, a week-end guest at Greystanes; and ROBERT STEEL, a farmer known to be in love with Ermyntude, and hostile to Wally; while PERCY BAKER, a local youth, twice visited the house the day before Wally's death, declaring that Wally had had an affair with his sister, and demanding money from him.

After the inquest ALAN WHITE tells Vicky that Wally was visiting his father the day of his death with the intention of arranging some shady business deal with him and SAMUEL JONES. She passes the information on to Inspector Hemingway, who later discusses it and the rest of the case with SERGEANT WAKE. Now read column 1:

that Mrs. Carter didn't hold with divorce; but the way he talked you could see he thought himself such a one with the ladies he could get them to do anything he wanted."

"True enough!" the inspector agreed.

"Well, then, there's Mr. Steel," Wake went on. "Of course, I'm not saying he mightn't have got all worked up to murder Carter, but what I ask myself is, why didn't he do it any time these last two years?"

"There's an answer to that one," interposed the inspector. "If Steel did it, it was the Baker business set him off. We know the widow pitched in a tale to him that made him see red."

"That's so," Wake admitted. "But would you say, from all we've been able to pick up, that it was the first

time she'd complained to him about Carter?"

"I wouldn't, of course, but have you ever heard of the last straw that broke the camel's back?"

"All right, sir; have it that it's Steel we're after. He's more likely than either of those two girls, to my mind."

"Yes, you've got a lot of old-fashioned ideas," said the inspector. "They're a handicap to you."

"Well, what's in your mind, sir?" demanded Wake. "What are we going to do next?"

"You're going to do a bit of nosing around," replied Hemingway. "You can put young Jupp on to it, too. I've noticed he's got quite a gift for getting people to open their hearts to him. Find out all you can about Carter. It strikes me he was the sort of chap that might have made a lot more enemies than we know. Meanwhile, I'm going into this question of the rifle, and who could have pinched it. I'll see you later."

When he reached Greystanes, the inspector found that Dr. Chester was with Ermyntude, and that Vicky had not returned from the inquest at Fritton. Mary received him, and he told her why he had come.

"I've been wondering who could have taken the rifle out of the case," she said frankly. "And I do think that I ought, in fairness, to tell you that when the Prince had left for Dr. Chester's house on Sunday I saw him go, and he had nothing at all in his hands. Of course, I suppose he might have taken the rifle earlier and hidden it somewhere, but I don't honestly see when he got the chance, with all the servants about, and ourselves."

"Can you remember, miss, when you last saw the rifle in the gun-case?"

"No, that's the trouble—I can't. I doubt if any of us could, because none of us have ever used Mr. Fanshawe's rifles. One just doesn't notice things one isn't interested in."

The inspector nodded. "Well, casting your mind over young Baker's visits to the house, could he have had the opportunity to take the rifle?"

"No, I don't think so. Certainly not, when he called the second time. I wasn't here when he called earlier in the day, but could he have carried a rifle on his motor-cycle?"

"Not without its being noticed. I'm not setting much store by that first visit of his. I don't mind telling you, miss. Stands to reason he wouldn't have come up to the house again to see Mr. Carter if he'd already made up his mind to shoot him, and pinched the weapon he meant to use. The question is, could he have known that there were rifles in the house?"

"Are you feeling jaded, darling Mary?" Vicky asked, preening herself at the mirror.

any time. So could Miss Fanshawe. I shan't say we didn't, because you wouldn't believe me. But I can tell you one thing—Mr. Steel didn't take the gun when he was here on Sunday, because I saw him when he came out of the drawing-room, where he'd been talking to Mr. Carter, and I was with him until he left the house and drove off."

"For the sake of argument, miss, he could have come back while you were all at lunch, couldn't he?"

"I don't think so. Mrs. Carter had her lunch in the drawing-room, so that the butler was continually passing through the hall, to wait on her."

"No other way he could have got into the house than by the front door?"

"Well, yes, he could have entered from the garden hall, or the morning-room, or the library. They both have french windows. But he'd still have to run the risk of walking into one of the servants."

"Then it boils down to this, miss—you can't think of anyone other than yourself or Miss Fanshawe who could have taken the rifle."

Mary wrinkled her brow. "I shouldn't think so. According to Miss Fanshawe, he didn't even know that my cousin was married, so it doesn't look as though he could have had any knowledge of the house, does it?" She looked at the inspector.

"I could have taken the gun at

Please turn to page 19

## "Bond Street"

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G.12-3





## Complete Short Story...

**I**T was almost dark when Lucy Gurd arrived at the house of her employer, Humphrey Bolton. He lived alone, attended only by a manservant. To-night, Lucy knew, was the servant's night off.

As she entered she saw that the door to the left, leading to the library, was closed, but a hum of conversation there told her that Mr. Bolton had a visitor. She herself turned to the right, into the den. Three walls of this were lined with rare first editions. It was because Mr. Bolton was in a rush to have these catalogued that Lucy had agreed to work a few hours this evening.

She closed the door, so that the sound of her typing wouldn't disturb Mr. Bolton and his guest across the hall. Then she settled down to work. She had finished the "S" titles this afternoon. As she began the "T" titles, she noticed a man's hat on a table nearby.

It was a grey felt hat, such as the majority of men wore. It was not Humphrey Bolton's.

There were two easy chairs in the den, and on the arm of each was a small glass with a little sherry in it. It was obvious to Lucy that Mr. Bolton had first brought his guest in here, perhaps for a cursory look at the book collection; then the two men had crossed to the library.

Lucy typed a page of the "T" titles; then, because the air seemed a bit stuffy, she opened the den's one window. A stout iron grille covered this window, because the collection here made the room a veritable treasure vault. Its door was usually kept locked and there were two keys. Lucy, upon entering this evening, had noticed Mr. Bolton's key in the keyhole, on the outside, where he must have unlocked it to admit the visitor.

Usually Lucy spent her time typing manuscripts, for Humphrey Bolton dabbled at playwriting. He was a man of independent means and devoted most of his energies to book collecting. To-night's visitor, Lucy guessed, could be a rival collector; or he might be someone connected with the theatre.

She was still typing "T" titles when she heard the shot. Instantly she was sure it was a pistol shot and came from the library.

Almost as quickly, she was certain that the visitor, and not Mr. Bolton, had fired it. Humphrey Bolton was a mild, friendly man, and she couldn't imagine him even firing a gun.

She got up and moved unsteadily toward the door. There was a phone in the hall. If a guest had shot her employer, she must identify him before he got away.

Then his footsteps made her aware that he was crossing the hall and moving directly toward the closed door of the den. She tried to turn the knob to get out, but couldn't. She knew he was holding it on the outside. Terror transfixed her as she realised he stood there, just beyond the door, with a gun in his hand. She heard a click. He had turned the key and locked her in the den.

That way, she thought, he could

hold her here while he

escaped. With a key al-

ready in the lock, she

couldn't use her own. He could

keep her from seeing his face, and

he could delay her report to the

police.

Then she heard another click and

the den went dark. She knew there

was a switch in the hall which con-

trolled the den lights. But why did

he want to pen her in darkness?

His voice, in a hard monotone,

spoke three words: "My hat, please."

His hat! It was on the table be-

hind her. He didn't dare escape

without it. Perhaps his initials were

on the inner band. At least there'd

be a size tag

and a haberd-

dasher's trade-

mark through

which he might be traced. In any

case this man was demanding his

hat.

She turned to the table, groped

for the hat, found it. So that was

why he had switched off the lights!

So that she couldn't make any de-

tailed observation of the hat. She

sensed that the man out there was

impatient and that he'd brook no

delay while she groped for matches.

If she did, he'd be sure to come in

with his gun and take matters into

his own hands.

Yet, in some way, she must mark

this hat. Her purse lay on the table

by it. She thought of making a mark on it with lipstick. But the man himself would soon see that and get rid of the hat.

She opened her purse and fumbled for anything she could find there. Her fingers touched two theatre tickets. She had planned to take her mother to see "If Wishes Were Horses" to-morrow night. These were the tickets. Lucy took one of them and inserted it under the leather sweatband.

She groped back to the door and said, "Here is your hat."

## By ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

The key clicked. The door opened slightly, and Lucy thrust the hat through it.

It was snatched from her hand. Then the door was shut and locked. The key remained in the lock. She heard quick steps as the man retreated from the house.

Ten minutes after Lucy began shouting through the window a policeman released her from the den.

They found Humphrey Bolton on the library floor shot through the heart.

After police had arrived and taken

over, a young detective named Ryan drew Lucy aside into the den and got her complete statement.

"A ticket in his hat!" Ryan gave a dry laugh. "Well, I've heard everything now. What kind of a hat was it, Miss Gurd?"

"Something like yours," she said.

Ryan grinned and turned the sweatband of his own grey felt inside out, to show that no

theatre ticket was there.

"Nothing seems to be missing from the library, Miss Gurd. Bolton's full wallet's still on him. What about these first editions?" he asked.

"I can't see that they've been dis-

turbed."

"What about a blackmail angle?

Was Bolton that kind of man?"

"Definitely no. Mr. Bolton's whole

life, I'm sure, was an open book."

"How long have you known him?"

"About three months," she an-

swered.

"You can't tell much about a

man." Ryan objected, "in three months."

"But my mother," Lucy said, "has known him for thirty years. She was a fellow student with Mr. Bolton at the University. When we came to the city I wanted a position as a secretary. Mr. Bolton heard about it and employed me himself."

"Your mother liked him?"

"Yes. So did I. Everybody liked Mr. Bolton. He was always doing nice things for people. For instance, those theatre tickets; he gave them to me yesterday; said he'd seen the show himself and liked it, and he suggested that I take Mother to see it."

"What show?"

Lucy opened her purse and took out a ticket for to-morrow night's performance of "If Wishes Were Horses." The seat number was 2-B-10.

"What," Ryan inquired, "was the

number of the other ticket?"

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# Famous American Beauties

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# I GIVE AND BEQUEATH

By ELIZABETH PATTERSON

FROM the taxi window she could see the rows of houses, built solidly, wall against wall, thrusting their hard stone fronts towards the hedges in the small front gardens.

Without turning to look at him, Elinor Crane spoke to her husband. "Ugly, isn't it?" she said.

He peered past her, leaning a little forward.

"Terrible. Mother didn't seem to mind it, though. By the time Ted and Susan took over the farm and she moved into town, all she cared about was a place where she could have her own things around her," he said.

"But the farm—how is the farm? Pretty? I mean prettier than this?"

"Good enough land," he said. "And the house—well, the house was comfortable. Fairly big, I'd say. We had a lot of fun there when we were kids."

"I shouldn't have minded driving out there last night. You didn't refuse on my account, did you? Because, if you wanted to go—"

"Not with Ted and Susan spread all over the place. No," he said. "Not anyway, honestly. I haven't much feeling for it any more."

"Isn't she impossible, Prentis? Susan, I mean. Even at the funeral she kept examining everybody who came in. And she always goes over me inch by inch."

"Well, what do you care?" "I don't care. Please don't be stiff about it, darling."

"I'm not being stiff. I'm just saying that the way to think about a woman like that is not to think about her at all."

"Will it take long? This business to-day?"

"With George running it?" He shrugged. "What's your guess?"

"I still can't think why I should have come with you," she said. "Not that I mind, if you really want me; but it seems so pointless. I mean our things are one kind and your mother's are another. We certainly don't want to load ourselves down with a lot of useless stuff just to be taking it, do we?"

"There's no sense in going into all that again," he said. "You came. I don't see how you could have done otherwise. The will said we were all to choose what we wanted, didn't it? Well—and if we don't want anything . . ."

She turned away from him and, looking out the window, began to think about her husband's family, assembled now for the first time in the twelve years that she had been married to him. Called away from their various lives and pursuits and interests and assembled together to bury Prentis' mother. And George's mother, too, and Dorothy's, and Ted's.

They'd never been a close family, never one for visiting one another. Dorothy, who was divorced and lived in a far-away town, came to the city every year or so, and Elinor and Prentis saw her then. They'd have dinner with her, or she'd come to them for the week-end, usually drinking a little too much on Saturday night and looking tense and restless on Sunday.

George, Prentis' oldest brother, was unmarried. Occasionally a trip took them to the State where he lived, and they'd lunch with him. Always, on these trips, they'd have a day with Prentis' mother, who lived in a small nearby town.

Ted and Susan would drive into town from the farm, bringing one or two of their silent, heavy-checked children with them, and they'd all

sit in Mrs. Crane's crowded living-room.

When they were first married, Mrs. Crane had come to visit them. And several years later she had come again. Both times she had stayed a week. They had asked her after that, but she had written that travelling had become somewhat of an ordeal for her. She had written regularly at first, every few weeks or so, and then the letters had begun to come less and less often. But there had been one lying unopened on the tray with the morning mail when the telegram had come from Emma, the housekeeper, saying that Mrs. Crane had died in her sleep.

They had made the necessary travelling arrangements, and reached Mrs. Crane's home in time for the funeral yesterday afternoon.

From the cemetery the family had all gone back to the hotel where Prentis and Elinor were staying, and it was there, in the little sitting-room adjoining their bedroom, that George had read the will.

Unfolding it carefully, he squinted at it for a moment in silence.

It was not a large estate that Mrs. Crane left, and except for a bequest to her church and her provisions for Emma, she had divided her money equally among her four children. Emma, according to the will, was to receive £500 outright and an annuity providing her with £200 a year for the rest of her life.

As George got to this point, Dorothy hunched forward in her chair. "But let's see," she said sharply. "That would be more than what any of the rest of us—"

"Relax, Dot," Prentis interrupted her. "You look as though you'd been hit below the belt."

"Oh, mind your own business." She leaned back, her face receding into the shadows.

"Well, I'm not surprised," Susan said. "And it's my guess Emma won't be surprised either. I could have told you something like that was going to happen. If you'd asked me, I could have told you. The way Emma's been acting lately. . . Smug as can be."

"Well, we don't want to forget how faithful Emma's been," George put in. "Twenty years, isn't it? Or more? And I can't be certain, of course, but the will looks sound to me. Certainly there's no question—"

"Of what?" Dorothy cried. "Listen to him. Just listen—when no one's even suggested anything like that." "Then let's drop it," Prentis banged his glass down on the table beside him. "Can't we go on with the will?"

"Certainly," George held the will toward the light. "There's more here."



"This is it, I think, driver," Prentis said, peering through the window at the street numbers.

## EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES by Hesling



### DESPUES DEL TOREO—LA MOSTAZA (AFTER THE BULLFIGHT—MUSTARD!)

There is a lot of ceremony in Spain, especially in the bull ring. The picture above shows the matador, or bull fighter, tired after his eight-hour day in the arena, marching off to supper followed by his picador, or mustard bearer.

There is sound sense in this ceremony, for every matador

knows that even the best bull is better as beef, and beef is better with KEEN'S MUSTARD. "Ah! Macanudo Macanudo" or "Good on yer!"



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Please turn to page 28



# Food for fitness to the last drop!



*"Everyone loves the flavour  
of this delicious food drink!"*

That's Bournville Cocoa for you. Served piping hot it's rich, creamy and delicious. From the very first sip until the last drop lingers on the tongue, there's nothing but chocolaty goodness. Bournville Cocoa is a highly nourishing food in drink form—it warms you up and gives *extra* food value. Serve it often. Bournville Cocoa is a favourite with the family for they love the real Bournville chocolaty flavour, and first favourite with mother because Bournville Cocoa is a *really economical food-drink*. Add it to your shopping list to-day and make a big jug of this favourite food-drink to-night.

**CADBURY'S**  
**BOURNVILLE COCOA**



# Paris hats to be made here on original blocks

Radioed by  
BETTY WILSON  
from Paris



LUNCHEON AT MAXIM'S, when the plan to send Paris hat blocks to Australia was discussed. From left: Mme Legroux, Mrs. Mary Hordern, Mme Jane Blanchot, Betty Wilson, and M. Orcel (back to camera).

## Famous French milliners' gesture of thanks for our parades

Paris milliners have made history by giving to Mrs. Mary Hordern, fashion adviser to The Australian Women's Weekly, the blocks for hats which the mannequins will wear in the French Fashion Parades in Sydney in August.

White-haired, elegant Madame Legroux, head of the celebrated firm of Legroux Soeurs, said that the modistes of Paris had made this gesture in recognition of The Australian Women's Weekly's first presentation of Paris fashions to the women of Australia last year.

THE most beautifully dressed women in Paris flock to Mme Legroux's mirrored salon on the Rue Cambon.

"We are tired of copyists," she told me. "Now, at last, we have found someone who will present Paris as we wish Paris to be presented."

"Mrs. Hordern has chosen some of the most beautiful hats in Paris, and now, by making this gesture, we can be sure that every hat carrying a Paris name and sponsored by her will truly interpret that creative spirit which, we believe, flourishes here."

Plans to make this gesture—which is unique in the history of Paris couture—were discussed at a luncheon which Madame Legroux and Madame Jane Blanchot, president of the Chambre Syndicale de la Mode de Paris (the Paris milliners' sister organisation to the Chambre Syn-

dicalé de la Couture Parisienne) gave for Mrs. Hordern at Maxim's.

Every woman in the smart restaurant wore a hat which could be recognised almost as surely as if it carried its maker's label outside.

In one corner sat the ex-King of Yugoslavia and his dark-eyed, dark-haired Greek Queen.

She wore a small white straw hat with two white wings slanting across the front.

### Their own hats

"IT is one of my hats," Madame Legroux whispered.

Madame Blanchot—sculptor and modiste—wore a black straw and felt hat, which was turned up all round, with a tailored black dress and pale blue jacket. An exquisite ruby and diamond flower spray was pinned on one lapel.

Madame Legroux wore one of her own infinitely becoming palette-shaped hats in fine black straw, softened with a black tulle veil.

She wore a severe white blouse with her black suit, adorned with modern gold clips and necklace.

They agreed that the new postwar renaissance of straws and hat fabrics meant that Paris hats had never been lovelier.

This summer, women buying Paris hats have a bewildering choice.

They can have two or three hats for every day in the summer months—and every one will be different—or they can choose one or two hats which will look superbly well with everything from a tailored suit to a princely cocktail frock.

Newest trick in Paris—it has come in since the prices of Paris hats went up—is to ring the changes on trimming on classic straw hats.

Madame Maud, of Maud et Nano, shows enormous mushroom shapes in fine straw, which look wonderful with a great straw bow in a contrasting vivid color set across the front of the crown, but which change entirely when three or four big soft organdie roses or peonies are pinned across them.



GILBERT ORCEL interprets a summer's day in terms of white organdie tied with black velvet ribbon.

Mrs. Hordern has chosen several feminine hats like these. She has chosen, too, several of Paulette's beautifully casual jersey hats, which look "dressed" on the head, but which can be tucked under the arm without losing a scrap of their Paris elegance.

All these Paris milliners have success stories of their own.

Madame Paulette, for instance, designs hats which go all over the world.

### Attractive salon

SHE has designed for the Lucien Lelong, Robert Piguet, and Jeanne Lafaurie collections. They have been exported to Britain, Canada, South Africa, United States, South America, Switzerland, Sweden, and Italy to bring back much-needed currency to France.

Her salon is one of the most attractive in Paris. With its black and white tile-patterned floor-covering, its mirrors, and the huge green-painted metal vine which covers one wall, it looks like a South of France terrace.

Madame Jane Blanchot's salon is intensely individual. White-walled, navy-blue carpeted, it is given a character of its own by casts of the heads which Madame Blanchot—

who is a distinguished sculptor—has modelled.

Smart Paris women climb four steep flights of stairs to reach Madame Maud, of Maud et Nano, whose salon is at the very top of an old-fashioned, balconied house in the Rue Faubourg St. Honore.

Blonde and dynamic, Madame Maud designs hats which are featured in many of the current collections.

In a quiet street just off Rue Faubourg St. Honore, dark-haired, dark-eyed Gilbert Orcel designs dramatic yet wearable hats.

His charming wife, whose blonde hair is swept up sleekly, may be seen wearing some of her husband's loveliest hats at the fashionable Club des Champs-Élysées, or at the Long-champs races.

She is, he says, his favorite model, and their success story is the story of an affectionate business co-operation between husband and wife.

Like Madame Legroux, M. Orcel is delighted that The Australian Women's Weekly has made it possible for Australian women to have real Paris hats—not copies.

"I do think that a special creative spirit flourishes in Paris—and only in Paris," says M. Orcel.

"But don't ask me how. It must be, I think, in the air we breathe."



SWIRL of Paradise plumes is tried out by Gilbert Orcel on the attractive blonde head of his wife, who is, he says, his favorite model.



MAUD ET NANO designed this hat with the new oval brim in black felt, softened with black tulle. Pinky-yellow camellias are tucked under the brim.



## HOPE FOR INDIA

THE value of the compromise settlement in India cannot be assessed for some time, but the immediate feeling is one of deep relief that at last a basis has been found for the building of a new India.

Three hundred years ago the first British traders took the flag to India. Nowadays, their enterprise is often regarded scornfully as commercial greed and selfish imperialism, and many people feel ashamed of the ruthlessness which crushed any Indian resistance to the spread of Empire.

But that is to judge the actions of seventeenth and eighteenth century men by the moral standards of the twentieth century, which takes a different view of rights of native races and privileges of conquerors.

The British Raj failed in many things. It failed to create a great nation in India, failed to reconcile warring races and religions, failed to raise the abysmally low living standards of the masses.

That failure admitted, the question arises: could the Indians have done better for themselves?

For fifty years, Indian nationalists have been claiming that they could.

Soon they will have a chance to prove it.

Most hopeful sign for their success is the spirit of compromise which brought about agreement on the present basis.

Worst portent of failure is the simple fact that there is still no brotherhood between Moslem, Hindu, and Sikh.

They have united uneasily to shake off the British power, which they see as the common enemy, but their greatest enemies—the bitter hates and fanatical rivalries that have rent India for so long and now threaten unprecedented bloodshed—have still to be overthrown.

The importance of Indian events to this country's future is obvious to all.

We hope that India will soon become, if not one of the Dominions beyond the seas, then two Dominions, which can find a way to live side by side in harmony.



BEACHCOMBING is an alluring occupation, especially just after a holiday. Spred thinks there would be a censorious reaction to lady beachcombers.

## It seems to me....

THERE are no doubt many more urgent and pressing problems that ought to be occupying my mind, but right now I am having my annual brood on the possibility and/or desirability of becoming a beachcomber.

This is a project that always appeals to me after my holidays. The traditional beachcomber usually inhabits tropical islands, lives on a remittance, and is, alas, male.

So there are difficulties. A sub-tropical beach would do, but there is possibly popular prejudice against female beachcombing, and where is the remittance to come from?

I recognise the feeling for what it is—the common human desire for escape with a capital "E."

Other collar-proud persons sitting at their desks are perhaps imagining themselves in Hollywood, or in Paris, freed of the responsibilities of earning a living and remembering to buy the chops for dinner, and replacing the worn verandah-blind.

THE usual horrifying, interesting, irksome, or diverting things have been happening in the world for the last month.

But on holiday, when the most important news in the paper is the weather forecast, the most pressing problem the refusal of the wind to move from the south-east, the most interesting discovery that dead pandanus leaves, blown by the wind from the trees and dried by the sun, are unequalled as fire-kindling, the rest of the world recedes.

STILL, there are things one would miss away from cities.

Escalators for instance. I noticed the other day that the inventor of the escalator, Wilford Reno, has died in New York at the age of 85, and wished I'd written him a fan letter while he was alive.

Other people have made more dazzling contributions to civilised life, but few methods of transport give me more pleasure than the escalator.

Alas, given a few months, I suppose one would hanker for the fleshpots, whatever fleshpots are. A rather repulsive expression.

I do know that, in my retreat, I watched with interest for the arrival of the daily bus that brought the mail.

The true seeker after escape, I'm afraid, wouldn't feel disappointed if there were no letters bringing news of the outside world.

BESIDES, there are advantages in earning your living as a journalist. For what a wonderful opportunity I have here to boast about the biggest—. No. On second thoughts I won't mention the length and weight of the whiting I caught.

For if I do, too many fishermen will tell me about bigger ones they caught, and others will ask carpingly whether I have an affidavit in proof.

Nevertheless, it was a very good whiting.

In fact, a woman who had been fishing in the surf nearby said it was the biggest whiting she had ever seen. She did mention later that she hadn't done much fishing.

But never mind, that was a fine statement, and I hope I can emulate her generosity some time.



By ...  
**DOROTHY DRAIN**  
who has just returned from holidays

WHEN I came back to Sydney the daily papers were full of a controversy about cruelty in various sports.

Most fisherwomen, and some men, have been worried at one time or another with the problem of whether their sport is cruel.

There you are, horrified at taking the poor creature off the hook, feeling like the whole Spanish Inquisition—and next minute your line in the water again, excited at another nibble.

Back in town, I rang an ichthyologist, and was reassured to hear that authorities on the subject say that fish do not feel pain to anything like the degree that higher animals do.

More important, they don't suffer from shock.

He quoted the late Sir Edwin Ray Lankester, noted zoologist and marine biologist, who in one of his books gives a number of instances to prove this lack of sensibility in fish.

For instance, a fish bitten almost in halves by a shark still goes on swimming as if nothing had happened. A fish with its eye hooked out promptly swallowed the eye.

Well, that's a relief.

WHICH reminds me, I've always believed that zoology would be a happy career.

It's based on the fact that of all the types I've ever had to make inquiries from (in the course of newspaper work), authorities on fish, birds, and animals are among the pleasantest.

They don't mind translating their scientific knowledge into lay language, and they're always ready to help.

Maybe they don't make a fortune out of their job, but they seem contented and absorbed in it. Which goes a long way towards happiness.

THERE are serious implications in the escape of the one-time leader of the rebel Riff tribes of the Arabs, Abd-el-Krim, after 21 years in exile on a French island in the Indian Ocean. For one thing, it might mean another revival of "The Desert Song."

SAMUEL PERCY CHURCH, a Londoner, was acquitted of attempting to murder his wife after she stated that although her husband squeezed her throat so tightly that she lost consciousness it was all a joke.

The husband said: "No, it's not a surprise. I was really an excellent picker. 'Some go for a pair of sparkling eyes' and some for a nutty figure. 'Not me. And if you'll let me advise—' 'Make sure—don't listen to rumor—' 'However winsome her outward guise, 'That the dame's got a sense of humor.'"

GOULBURN branch of the Road Safety Council recently launched a campaign against street-corner gossiping, said it constituted a traffic danger.

Gossiping is considered dangerous in many other ways, though most of us do it.

When people say they never gossip, I'm either sceptical or sympathetic.

I'm afraid I enjoy gossip. For after all it's about people. And what is more absorbing than human beings, and the extraordinary things, kind and cruel, rash and calculating, generous and mean, that they do?

## Interesting People



MRS. VIKI MACKENZIE  
classes and sells wool

SALESWOMAN in America for an Australian wool firm was an exciting and interesting experience for Viki Mackenzie, of Sydney. It was her first venture into the business world. She says: "I was an intriguing novelty to American wool men, as the first woman saleswoman cum-classer they had met. I learn wool classing on family sheep stations. On my way home from U.S. I received cable news of successful result of trip."



GROUP-CAPTAIN STUART CAMPBELL

organising polar expedition CHOSEN to lead Australian expedition to Antarctic this year, Sydney-born Group-Captain Stuart Campbell has made two previous trips there with Sir Douglas Mawson in 1929 and 1930, when he flew over the South Pole in a Moth equipped with floats. His energy and good humor as well as ability and experience will make him popular with his men. During war he led a night mine-laying wing of Catalinas, operating from Leyte.



DR. DORIS COUTTS, M.A., Ph.D.  
... London degree

PRINCIPAL of the Conservatorium High School, Sydney, Doris Coutts has received advice from London University that degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Educational Psychology) has been conferred on her. She did preliminary work on her thesis in England, wrote it after return to Australia in 1940, but did not submit it until after the war. Says: "Conservatorium High School pupils plan to be professional musicians, and by having their ordinary schooling here they save much travelling time."



# Monty will have message for youth of Australia

He rewarded a stout-hearted schoolboy with own watch

Radioed from MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

As leader of Britain's optimists Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, who will visit Australia in July, is even busier than in the stirring days when he borrowed a Digger's hat and led the chase from El Alamein which turned the Nazis out of Africa.

In peace as in war Monty remains a hero, a stimulating personality and one of the few prophets of happiness who can still move people to optimism in a weary Homeland.

**R**IGHT up till the moment when he embarks on a flying-boat on June 26 the telephone in his staff room at Whitehall will be buzzing constantly with hopeful callers wanting him to appear at parish teas, city luncheons, school fetes, and youth rallies.

Dearest to his heart these days is an all-absorbing interest in the Empire's youth.

Of all public engagements which he instructs his aides to accept for him, youth functions rank highest in priority.

One of his proudest pals is an Amesbury schoolboy who owns the wrist-watch Montgomery wore from Alamein to Berlin.

The lad lost his bout in a school boxing tournament which Monty attended.

The Field Marshal unstrapped his watch and handed it to the battered young gladiator with the terse remark: "Consolation prize—for the stoutest heart."

Several national papers quoted him seriously when he made a typical Montgomery joke about bringing up his own son David, who is now a private in the British Army.

"I wouldn't bring up another son!" the Field Marshal remarked dryly. "It entails too much staff work."

There is no man happier than he in the company of children. A 13-year-old Swiss lad was his closest companion on ski-treks during his recent holiday in Switzerland.

He is always advocating a nationwide link-up of boys' clubs doing constructive work, learning ideals of faith, responsibility, and service.

He tells boys, as he tells their fathers:

"There are some people who go about with long faces, and say we have nothing to look forward to. I don't believe it. We have all the things that really matter. We are part of a great Common-



WHEN MONTY visited Russia he was presented with a caracul and sable coat and a caracul cap.

wealth of free nations which produces virile peoples of character.

"Our aims are honest, our conscience clear. We can look the whole world in the face."

"We will come through these times with colors flying. As for those who say we soldiers won the war and statesmen cannot win the peace I don't agree."

"We soldiers had a very clear

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery has piled up fifty thousand flying miles, and has become the world's most travelled soldier.

He has visited America, Canada, Palestine, Greece, Egypt, almost all Europe, including Scandinavia, India, Malaya, and East Africa.

In Russia, Marshal Stalin warmed to his forthright personality, swapped stories, and descended to a frank intimacy that diplomats have sought but never known.

Monty, whose brusque manner and dry, poker-face wisecracks have deceived many, has great affection

objective, and it took us six years to gain it.

"I would, sooner it took a bit longer to win a good peace than to patch up a bad peace quickly."

Already since the wars end

and respect for the men of Australia's Ninth Division.

Even to-day in his staff room, where bemuddled staff men still like to, chew over old battles, he never tires of insisting that the part played by the Diggers in the desert at Alamein, when they drew and outfought the full weight of the German onslaught, constitutes one of the most glorious and vital chapters of the war.

Though a fortnight is not long to tour Australian military installations, inspect experimental proving grounds, consult with Australian chiefs on Imperial Defence, and attend official functions, Britain's slight, energetic Chief of the Imperial General Staff will accomplish that, and probably much more.

Careful of his health, which is occasionally troubled from a lung wound sustained in the First World War, he has already written to Prime Minister Churchill asking that evening engagements be kept at a

minimum to allow him to attend to official correspondence and to get his much cherished rest.

Monty's staff men know too well how dearly he values his ration of sleep.

They have memories of his not inconsiderable wrath whenever they have had to rouse him at night. Work has kept his weight down to a little over ten stone, only a few pounds heavier than when he first enlisted as a stripling of nineteen.

Next month the Empire's brilliant war leader will be in Australia to talk with military leaders, to meet again the men of Alamein, and to revisit the scene of his boyhood in Tasmania, where he says he spent his most formative years.

Things Australian people will like about the Homeland's beloved "Monty" will be the same things his Australian war comrades admire—a vital personality, ability to make friends with a gesture, his forthrightness, and his honest recognition of merit.



REHEARSING his part as singing male lead in "Annie, Get Your Gun," opening in Melbourne next month, American baritone Webb Tilton has his accompaniment played by his wife, Deedee Armstrong.

## Charm bracelet tells owner's love story

A jingling silver bracelet is the most treasured possession of American actress Deedee Armstrong, because it tells the story of her romance and wartime marriage with singer Webb Tilton.

Each charm on the bracelet is a memento. For instance, the miniature telephone reminds its wearer "of an important telephone call from Webb to seal our engagement."

**N**OW she is looking for a miniature Australia to add to the chain as a reminder of "Annie, Get Your Gun," opening in Melbourne next month with Webb as the lead and Deedee in the cast.

A Statue of Liberty charm represents New York, where they were married. A ring stands for the wedding. A bell with "Four Freedoms" written on it reminds them of their 20,000-mile war-bond tour, when they presented a radio show called "Four Freedoms."

A jeep represents Webb's transport-driving duties as a sergeant in the Army Air Corps.

A very special charm is the tiny tin-opener, symbolic of their house-

keeping honeymoon, after the war, at Webb's family home at Tilton, New Hampshire.

Deedee, whose real name is Marie, is very domesticated, and cooked wonderful picnic lunches for their holiday.

"I grilled out of doors and cooked Indian Pudding, a traditional New England dish made of cornmeal, butter, and molasses. It is thick and creamy like porridge, and very good," she said.

Slim, attractive Marie plays Sylvia Potter-Porter, a giggling society girl, in "Annie, Get Your Gun," and off stage she helps her good-looking baritone husband by playing accompaniments for him to rehearse his part as Frank Butler, a sharpshooter of the 'nineties.

"Annie, Get Your Gun" is the story, founded on fact, of Annie Oakley, American woman sharpshooter of the 'nineties. Annie will be played by Elvie Hayes.

Webb Tilton's family were among the early settlers in New England. His birthplace, Tilton, New Hampshire, was called after his grandfather.

"He was a trader and banker in the gold mines era, a shrewd man. Instead of digging for gold himself he sold the picks and shovels for other men to dig. And probably did better than they did," said Webb.

From his mother Webb inherited his love of music. He decided to be a singer.

"But father wanted me to be a business man. However, he agreed

to let me study singing if any singing authority said my voice was good enough."

An audition with John Charles Thomas was successful, so 19-year-old Webb began to study with Thomas' first teacher, Blanche Sylvana Blackman. He then studied with Jerome de Bohm, a critic on the New York Herald-Tribune, who taught music in his spare time.

In 1939 Webb played in Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein's show, "Very Warm For May." In 1940 he gave concerts in Boston, and in 1941 he was offered a contract with the Philadelphia Opera Company, but war came and he went into the Army Air Force instead.

War over, he studied again in New York with Mr. de Bohm, and in 1946 played lead in "Bitter Sweet" at the Summer Theatre in Maine. There he gained valuable experience in acting from Enrica Clay Dillon, owner of the theatre and teacher of acting.

"She had classes showing how to express emotion, fear and horror by movement of the body without making faces," said Marie Tilton.

Webb explained:

"We had to turn our backs to the audience and express various emotions by the movement of our body and arms and the turn of our heads."

In the season before coming to Australia, Webb went on tour as lead in "Rose Marie" and "Countess Maritza," and had a smaller part in "The Merry Widow."



## She says

I have been a sufferer with kidney and bladder trouble for the last 17 years and have tried everything, but in most cases I was worse. Feeling very ill one day, and unable to get up, I read your advertisement for Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and thought I would give them a trial. I have never looked back. You do not know how grateful I am to you for such a wonderful medicine.



## He says

Before taking Menthoids, I had been steadily going downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to regain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day, I feel ten years younger.



Many people to-day are physically and mentally exhausted after six years of war-strain, anxiety and overwork. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment is so good in these cases, because it contains no drugs or stimulants, but, instead, it cleanses the whole system

so that you become invigorated with the glow of good health —aches and pains melt away. If you suffer from constant Headaches,

Dizziness, Rheumatic aches and pains, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Backache,

Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, start a course of Menthoids to-day. You can

get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, or a 12-day flask for

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If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to

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and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

# Dr MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

Containing THIONINE - The Great BLOOD MEDICINE





# Census takers expect shotgun or cup of tea



BICYCLES will be means of transport for many collectors. Mr. H. B. Fletcher, Punchbowl, N.S.W., pumps his tyre ready for the job.



MOTOR LAUNCHES will carry collectors to residences unapproachable by land. Mr. B.H. Mallinson will collect on the Hawkesbury River, N.S.W., including Dangar Island (shown in the background).

## QUEER ANSWERS

• Queer answers to questions in the 1933 census:

Religion—Buggist.

Type of dwelling—a hollow log, owner by possession.

Conjugal condition—Don't know whether married or single as I have not seen the old woman for 10 years.

taken out, saddled up, and ridden to the lonely homesteads.

"We didn't need to carry much food because we were always received with lavish hospitality and begged to stay several days," said Mr. Ernest Graham.

"The families were very isolated, and often had not troubled about schooling, so father had to fill in the papers for them."

"The census in those days was not nearly so strict as now, and there were far fewer questions."

"I think myself we might have trouble in getting answers to some of the questions this time. A lot of people round here certainly don't know where they were born."

Mr. A. W. Evans, who will be one of the collectors in the King's Cross district of Sydney next week, was collector in a similar locality in 1933.

Though some of his experiences were not very pleasant, he always managed to see their funny side.

"When I called at a luxury flat rented by a very wealthy and well-known man, the door was answered by his housekeeper, a typical Irish biddy."

"I explained I would leave the papers and collect them in two or three days."

"Next visit she answered the door again."

"As she turned to get the papers I said, 'And how are you keeping?' 'She flew at me like a tigress, shouting, 'Young man, what business is it of yours who's keeping me? For two pins I'd have you put in charge.'"

"Some people make the collector's job unnecessarily hard, because they keep putting off filling in their papers. Sometimes I have had to go six times to one place for that reason."

"In my area I had people of all nationalities, and I found Jews usually did their papers beautifully."

"Next best papers were done by people of Scottish origin, who never kept me waiting."

"Worst by far were the Irish, who simply would not fill in their papers, kept me waiting, made me call several times. Their papers were blotted and torn."

Mr. John Guerin, who will be a collector next week in the densely populated Paddington district of Sydney, expects a sharp contrast to his experiences in 1933, when he collected in some of the wildest country in New South Wales, along Ophir Creek, near Orange and Bathurst.

The only way he could do his job was to travel on foot up the rugged



HORSE AND SULKY will be transport for Mr. Ernest Graham, Seven Hills, N.S.W., and for collectors in farming areas all over Australia.

river banks, where he found hermits and prospectors living in tents or huts.

It took him two days' hard travelling to see five people."

Mr. Guerin's reception at camps where several prospectors were living together was sometimes rather doubtful, but he soon found if he had a newspaper with him he was "just jake."

The men adored getting news, and did not care how old the paper was. "There was plenty of kindness," he said. "One farmer even lent me a horse to help me on my way."

In last census, Mr. R. M. Hardie, of Oaklands, New South Wales, had great trouble in delivering papers to one house in his area.

A woman living by herself was so afraid of visitors she surrounded her home with a high netting fence, kept her gate locked, and had two ferocious dogs running loose.

The only way anyone could make her come out was to call loudly, or throw a stone on the roof.

"I had great difficulty in making her appear," said Mr. Hardie. "Eventually she opened the kitchen window, saw me with my small suitcase, containing the papers, called out, 'No, nothing to-day, thanks!' and slammed down the window."

"At last I asked a little boy who ran her messages to go and tell her what I wanted, and only then was I allowed in the place."

As sub-enumerator at Cobar for the 1921 census, Mr. Samuel Bidwell, of Dulwich Hill, Sydney, who will be a collector next week, was responsible for appointing collectors.

Horseback was the only transport possible for an area of 150 miles by 30, which had to be covered to collect information from 13 people.

Mr. Bidwell chose for this job a drover, Norman Harris, who knew all the stations and the best camping spots. He was out for 19 days, riding 33 miles through one station alone.

There was no trouble at all with the Cobar census, said Mr. Bidwell, who thinks that goldminers are among the most intelligent people he has known.

"I was headmaster of the Cobar school, and the youngsters there were the smartest I have taught in my life," he said.

Mr. Bidwell is nearly 80 years old, but he has no fear that the walking will be too much for him.

He delivers papers regularly for his church at Dulwich Hill, Sydney, and thinks nothing of calling at 100 houses in a morning.

A number of women wished to be collectors this year, but the Commonwealth Electoral Office, which conducts the census, does not consider it a suitable job for women, as it is arduous, and there is too much risk attached to it.

## Experienced collectors' tales of previous great countings

By BETTY WILKINSON

For next week's census 11,300 collectors will travel by foot, bicycle, motor-bike, horse, horse and sulky, launch, or car to cover the whole Commonwealth, including islands and lighthouses.

Courage, endurance, intelligence, a sense of humor, and tact—lots of tact—are some of the qualifications they will need.

### EXPERIENCES OF collectors

In the last census in 1933 varied from an order to leave the premises at gunpoint to a hospitable cup of tea or a hot dinner.

One country collector had to drink nine cups of tea with enough food for nine meals during one day's work.

In Maranoa Division, Queensland, a woman farmer rushed into the electoral office speechless with excitement.

Mr. R. H. Gillespie, who was in charge of the office, calmed her down and learned she had ordered the census collector off her property that morning with a shotgun.

When she realised her error she came to the office to make amends.

There are still people who completely mistrust the census-taking.

In reply to a communication from the Divisional Returning Officer a resident wrote recently saying he was being persecuted by Fascists and would shoot anyone who came near his property.

In such a case the collector is warned and takes his own precautions.

Collectors in sparsely populated areas will have to travel great distances to obtain particulars from few dwellings—in one case 880 miles to call on 87 houses, in another 300 miles for only 28 calls.

In one very mountainous region in New South Wales only two families will be visited on a journey of 35 miles through very rough country.

If an inch of rain falls on the black soil plains out west collectors will have a sticky time, as all traffic movement will cease.

This happened to Mr. E. J. Grant, of Wauchope, N.S.W., in 1933.

"I was travelling on a pedal bike with census papers in a sugar-bag slung on my back," said Mr. Grant. "Heavy rain fell, and the black

soil clogged up the wheels, so I completed the census carrying the bike instead of the bike carrying me."

Census collecting is no new thing to 88-year-old Mr. Ernest Graham, of Seven Hills, New South Wales.

More than 50 years ago he accompanied his father census collecting in the Picton district of New South Wales, through wild, rough country along the Cox and Wollondilly Rivers, and Burrigorang Valley.

Adolphus Graham owned the general store in Picton, knew the district well.

He used to set out with young Ernest in a buggy drawn by two horses. They carried saddles, and when the country became impassable for the buggy the horses were



MOTOR CYCLE will be used by some collectors, among them Mr. Clyde Barwick, Hurstville, N.S.W.



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# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

As the sun moves into Cancer on June 22, Gemini-ans, Aquarians, and Librans must strive to complete important matters before then; but Cancerians, Pisceans, and Scorpions can plan for better times ahead.

Meanwhile, Virgoans and Sagittarians must continue to live cautiously.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): June 17 (after 11 a.m.), 18 (early and about noon), and 21 (afternoon and evening) very fair. June 22 (until 4 p.m.) quite good, succeeding days live quietly.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): June 17 (after 11 a.m.) and 18 (early) very fair. June 20 (after 5 p.m.), 23 (noon to 5 p.m.) good, June 24 (afternoon) helpful.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Finalise important matters. June 17 (after 11 a.m.) excellent. June 18 (early) excellent. June 19 (to noon) fair. June 20 (after 4 p.m.) good. June 22 (to 2 p.m.) very good.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Plan wisely. June 17 (after 11 a.m.) and 18 (to 9 a.m.) good. June 19 (late), 20 (all day), 21 (morning), 23 (afternoon), and 24 (evening) helpful. June 22 (except late afternoon) excellent.



"I won a thousand pounds on their quiz programme last night, and I feel I ought to try their product."

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Stress semi-important matters on June 17 (after 11 a.m.), 18 (early and at mid-day), 21 (afternoon), 22 (to 2 p.m.), and 23 (noon to 4 p.m.).

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Live carefully on June 17, 18, 19, 21 (late), June 22 (to 2 p.m.) good, but unreliable. June 23 (to 2 p.m.) fair. June 24 (to 2 p.m.) good, then poor. June 25 (to 2 p.m.) good, then poor. June 26 (to 2 p.m.) good, then poor. June 27 (to 2 p.m.) good, then poor. June 28 (to 2 p.m.) good, then poor. June 29 (to 2 p.m.) good, then poor. June 30 (to 2 p.m.) good, then poor.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Be cautious. June 17 (after 11 a.m.) and 18 (early) excellent. June 19 (to noon) fair. June 20 (to noon) fair. June 21 (to noon) fair. June 22 (to noon) fair. June 23 (to noon) fair. June 24 (to noon) fair. June 25 (to noon) fair. June 26 (to noon) fair. June 27 (to noon) fair. June 28 (to noon) fair. June 29 (to noon) fair. June 30 (to noon) fair.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): June 17, 18, 19 (early), 21 (late), 23 (late) and 24 (early) of pitfalls; June 25 (to 2 p.m.) good, then adverse.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Finalise urgent matters on June 17 (to 11 a.m.), 18 (to 11 a.m.), 19 (to 11 a.m.), 20 (to 11 a.m.), 21 (to 11 a.m.), 22 (to 11 a.m.), 23 (to 11 a.m.), 24 (to 11 a.m.), 25 (to 11 a.m.), 26 (to 11 a.m.), 27 (to 11 a.m.), 28 (to 11 a.m.), 29 (to 11 a.m.), 30 (to 11 a.m.).

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Good fortune predominates. June 17 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 18 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 19 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 20 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 21 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 22 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 23 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 24 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 25 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 26 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 27 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 28 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 29 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent; June 30 (to 11 a.m.) poor, then excellent.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Plan ahead. June 17, 18, 19 (early), 21 (late), 22 (late), 23 (after midday), and 24 (poor). Double the best.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## Your Coupons

TEA: 17-24 (17 to 20 expire June 21, when 21-27 become available).

BUTTER: 19-21 (expire June 23, when 22-24 become available).

MEAT: 17-24 (17 to 20 expire June 21, when 21-27 become available); 25-27 (25 to 27 expire June 23, when 28-30 become available).

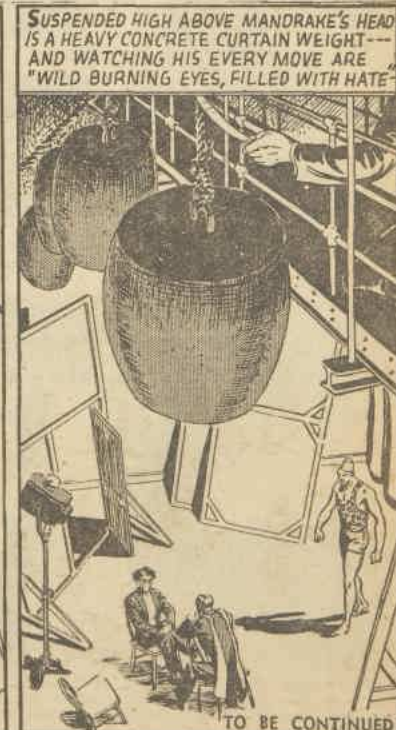
CLOTHING: 257-112 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 current.

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, were present at a city theatre when singer **FARAVELLI:** Fell dead in the middle of his performance. Faravelli had previously received a note threatening him with death. **SCHMIDT:** The orchestra leader, tells Mandrake that he has received an identical note.

He says he is willing to go on with his performance, and the police arrange to have two men seated on either side of Schmidt. As Mandrake goes on stage in Faravelli's place, Schmidt waits nervously. Then, as the show goes on, death strikes again. This time one of the policemen dies. He also slapped his arm just before death. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED





**COUNTRY VISITORS** to Sheep Show. Mr. John Blake, of Forest Hill, Wagga, and Mrs. G. Parramore, formerly "Tiny" Barrett, of Blair Athol, Young, were among country folk inspecting sheep at Showground.



**INSPECTING EXHIBITS.** Mrs. Dougall Bray (left), of Vychan, Forbes, and Mrs. Cecil East, of Rawilla, Muttama, inspect Corriedales at Sheep Show. Mrs. Bray's husband exhibits in this section.



**WAGGA INTEREST.** Barry Hale, son of the R. Hales, of New Lawn, Wagga, and his bride, formerly Carmel Purcell, eldest daughter of the R. Purcells, of Wagga, leave St. Mary's Cathedral for reception at Pickwick. Couple honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise before making home in Wagga.



**MINERVA OPENING.** The Roy McCaugheys, of Coonong, Narrandera, attend premiere of "Clutter-buck" at Minerva Theatre. Roy and his charming wife are staying at their Onslow Gardens flat during Sheep Show and ram sales.

## Intimate Pottings

**TAMWORTH** will soon gain another charming young matron for its district when Michael Kidd, of Echo Hills, Kootingal, brings home his bride, pretty Elizabeth Morshead, whom he marries on June 25 at St. Michael's Church, Vacluse.

Elizabeth's wedding gown and the frocks of her attendants are being kept secret until the wedding. But everyone is sure it will be one of the prettiest winter weddings this year. Three ex-Frensham school friends of the bride-to-be, Mrs. James Petric, Mrs. James Thompson (bridegroom's sister), and Phyllis Cook, will attend Elizabeth.

**EVERYWHERE** I turn at Sheep Show I seem to see a Falkiner. In space of few minutes see Mr. Otway Falkiner, Boonoke North, Widgeya, his sons Mac, Les, George, and "Jum." Trav Falkiner and his bride, formerly Deirdre Dalton, daughter of Mrs. Mick Dalton, of Kangarooie, Orange, have party at Pickwick Club to say "Hello" to Sydney friends. Trav and Deirdre marry in Melbourne on June 7, and have

Trav's sister, Mrs. Ron Payne, who was Dodie Falkiner, as matron of honor, and brother "Jum" as best man. After ceremony in Melbourne they have quiet family dinner with Trav's mother, Mrs. Ralph Falkiner, who is down from country home, Craigie Lea, at Woodend. Mr. and Mrs. John Taplin, "Jum" and Betty Falkiner, of Wariston, Deniliquin, also in party.

**BUYING** merino rams, Mr. Geoffrey Kiddie, of Carabost, Wagga, and Melbourne, is accompanied on Sydney visit by his attractive wife. They stay at Australia and cover our night spots.



**CAMELLIA BALL COMMITTEE.** Ann Graham (left), Pam Reynolds, and Mary Warby photographed among camellias which they will sell at the Camellia Ball to be held at Grace Auditorium on June 24 in aid of Food for Britain.



**WEDDING AT SHORE CHAPEL.** Guy Mair and his bride, formerly Joan Lee, eldest daughter of the Ronald Lees, of Point Piper, leave Shore Chapel after marriage. Reception at Rose Bay Golf Club and couple honeymoon at Kosciusko.



**AT ROMANO'S.** Mrs. Margaret Pateman (left) lunches with newly appointed chairman of girls' Wing Council of Australian Air League, Mrs. Morton E. Herman.



**WEDDING IN JAPAN.** Major W. G. N. (Bill) Orr, M.B.E., son of the H. Orrs, of Beaufort Court, Darlinghurst, and his bride, formerly Dorothy Annear, daughter of the W. M. Annears, of Perth, W.A., leave Garrison Chapel, Eta Jima, with Elizabeth Fry, Helene Wilding, Major J. Walsh, Captain M. A. H. Mackenzie.

**PORT KEMBLA** aged after engagement of Duchess of Gloucester's niece, Eileen Phipps, and Philip Parbury is announced, and locals hear couple will be making their home there, as Philip is executive of Lysaght's works. Close friends of bride-to-be knew of engagement before Eileen left for England with the Duchess and other members of Royal staff last February.

Eileen is daughter of Mr. C. B. H. and Lady Sybil Phipps, of Chalcat, Westbury, Wilts, England. Philip is eldest son of the A. P. Parburys, formerly of Satur, Scote.

**ANOTHER** bit of romantic news to stir the locals is surprise wedding of Belle McClaurin and Selwyn Jackson. Couple choose Sheep Sale Week to wed at St. Andrew's Scots Church, Rose Bay. Bride is younger daughter of late John McHardy McClaurin, of Little Billabong, Holbrook, and Selwyn, who hails from Wingelo, Wagga, is son of late Dr. James Jackson, of Melbourne and Mount Gambier.

**THINK** it time country women started getting themselves invited to these functions that sheep men seem to attend in "buck formation." Few women attend cocktail party given by New South Wales Sheepbreeders' Association, but only one woman, Mrs. D. S. Bligh, of Condamine Plains, Brookstead, Queensland, attends dinner given by Australian Society of Breeders of British Sheep, at Pickwick Club. Four women attend Australian Corriedale Association's dinner. They are Mrs. I. M. Todd, of Dalby, Queensland, who is president of the Queensland branch of Corriedale Association; Mrs. J. Schulz, of Albury; Mrs. Head, of Seymour, Victoria, and Miss M. Starrett, of Moree.

**MR. A. B. CARROLL**, president of Australian Corriedale Association, is host at dinner, but Mrs. Carroll remained at property, Redbank, Molong, to look after children. Mrs. Carroll brought his schoolgirl daughter Barbara with him to Sydney, and she received the prize for the grand champion ram on his behalf. It's Barbara's first sheep show.

**ONE** of the most excited lasses at Sheep Show was Pat Welsh, of Nandillyan Ponds, Orange. Pat has her "Patrician" stud of Ryelands, and she received cup for Reserve Grand Champion Ram from Governor, Lieut.-General Northcott. Pat was so excited she forgot to hand it back to secretary Col. G. C. Somerville, and said: "Can't I keep it for a while?"

**TALK** of leisure of country life. Never seems to be an idle moment, what with Easter Show and races, followed by country picnic races, Sheep Show, and now polo is starting all over the country-side.

Meet Mrs. Dougall Bray, of Vychan, Forbes, and she tells me she and her husband are off to the Mudgee Polo Carnival on June 30 to June 23. Next big polo news is in Mrs. Bray's home town, Forbes, where a carnival will be held about the middle of July.

**AT** Garrison Church, Kure, Brigadier Hopkins, escorts attractive Adelaide lass Audrey Bromner, A.A.M.W.S., of the 130th A.G.H., up the aisle for her marriage with Captain Norman Carroll, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Carroll, of Ryde. Audrey's bridesmaid was Grace Thorpe, A.A.M.W.S., of Adelaide, and Max McDonald, of Sydney, was best man.

Couple spend their honeymoon at luxury Kawana Hotel, Tokio.

**NEWS** of Mrs. Forrest Tucker, who was Honor Wilson, of The Brig-lows, Barraba, Honor is now living in Montevideo, Uruguay, where her husband, who is a captain in the U.S. Navy, is Naval Attache to the American Embassy.

Honor writes: "There is no such thing as a snack lunch in Montevideo. Lunches continue for at least two and a half hours, with many rich courses and delicacies, with a formal dinner later in the evening."

Commenting on the recent presidential inauguration, she writes: "With its parades, speeches, dinners, balls, visiting dignitaries we practically had no sleep for a week."

joyce



# THE girl was

lying almost at his feet. He grinned and sat down. "By the way," she said, "my name's Leslie." She sat up, took off her glasses and looked at him.

"I've been thinking, I don't believe we were ever introduced," Leslie went on.

Somewhat this made him less happy, thinking she might remember. The shop had seemed so far away. Almost, he had begun to feel as if he had always lived in an expensive hotel and breakfasted on a terrace overlooking the Pacific.

"No?" Leslie said. "I think you were the boy at Peter Jordan's house party who tipped over my canoe and ruined my pink chiffon."

Henry sat up. "I never," Henry said, "tipped you over, pink chiffon or so pink chiffon." He said, "It's my opinion we met at Joe Phillips'."

"I don't know anybody named Joe Phillips."

He lay down again, relaxing delightedly. "Neither do I. So that's out."

"It was the first time he had heard her laugh," Leslie said. "You are having dinner with us."

"No?"

"Dad wants to take a look at you. I told him about you. Maybe he can remember where I met you."

Henry closed his eyes again, but the sun was no longer so warm or so comforting. Henry thought, "Her father will remember me, and then I will all be different. To-morrow I'll move out of the hotel and I'll look for a job. I will remember her when I am old, and will tell my grandchildren about the cute grandmother they might have had."

"Your landlady said you had moved into the hotel," Buck said, when he called at the hotel a few hours later. "Surely she jests?"

They were passing through the lobby. Henry had a box under his arm containing a rented dinner-jacket. "No," Henry said. "And I'm late. I have no time for idle chit-chat. To-night I am dining with the Marvins."

"Can you spare me a couple of millions?"

"Shut up. I'll buy you a drink."

They sat on the same two stools they had occupied the previous day.

"To my future," Buck said. "I saw Mr. Hendricks. I start work to-morrow."

"As what? Chairman of the board?"

"Office-boy. Thirty-five a week. I can get you a job as messenger if you want it."

"No time. Repeat your offer to-morrow. I may be interested."

"To-morrow," Buck said, "they won't."

Leslie led Henry into the living-room. She wore something delectable, striped, and quaint. Leslie said, "Daddy, this is Henry Lee. Now, where did I meet him?"

Carefully Marvin gave Henry a look from under his brows. He snipped the end off his cigar with a gold cutter. "Never saw him before in my life."

The bungalow was set in its own lawn under a clump of pepper trees in the hotel grounds. Its Spanish living-room was small but elegant. A mulatto servant brought cocktails and a plate of hors-d'oeuvre. Henry balanced a small sausage on a toothpick, and Leslie sat on the couch facing him.

"I'll bet I know where we met," Leslie said. "It was at Oswald Higgins' treasure-hunt party and you caught the pig."

"I never caught a pig," Henry

## Continuing . . . Winter Strawberries

from page 3

said. "Personally, I suspect Junius Dimwiddle's kiddie party."

"Oh," Leslie said coldly. "We're playing again, are we?"

"Want to quit?"

"I wasn't being funny."

"Neither was I."

"H-r-r-umph!" Marvin said.

"Smoke?"

Henry sat on a white chair, puffed on a cigarette, and made civil replies to the old man's questions.

"What's your line?"

"He's a financier," Leslie said.

"This morning I found him eating up the financial page."

"Well, well."

Henry looked at Leslie sitting demurely across the room.

"Daddy, did you get to Mr. Orcutt to-day?" she asked.

"Don't talk business."

"You talk everybody else's business," Leslie said. "Did you?"

"I'll get to him to-morrow."

"That's Daddy's business," Leslie said to Henry. "That's why we're here, at this hotel. Daddy wants to see Mr. Orcutt."

"Now that you have made my life an open book," Marvin said, "shall we proceed to the dining-room?" Afterwards we can play a little roulette at the Lido Club if you feel like it."

When Henry got back to his room at 3 a.m. he took off his dinner-jacket and figured up his losses.

It gave him a jolt. But Leslie had promised to meet him at the pool at eleven, and the old man had patted him on the shoulder when he left and had called him "my boy."

He awakened at 7 a.m. with an uncontrollable desire to throw his blue trunks in the Pacific Ocean.

Ten minutes later he was curling his tender toes over the cool, damp sand at the water's edge. He tried the water with his toe. Then he heard the cry for help.

Far to his right an arm was waving helplessly above the glittering waves. He leaped into the surf.

Presently he laid out on the sand a gasping, spluttering old codger with spindly legs, a round stomach, and a fringe of white hair around his well-tanned dome. He had swallowed some water, and Henry turned him over and pressed the water from his lungs.

The old man was very weak. He tried to speak.

"Don't talk," Henry pressed him gently back on the sand. "I'll go up to the hotel and get you a doctor. Take it easy, Pop."

He found a doctor in the barber-shop. Then he dressed, had breakfast, and thought about Leslie.

It seemed to Henry that the hotel manager had developed a habit of eying him strangely whenever he passed through the lobby. It was not only that. It was also that several times Henry noticed a decorous young man with a rosebud in his lapel following him about. He took this character for a minion of the management detailed to check up on him financially. Henry began ducking into doorways and lurking in darkened arches to elude him. He developed an active loathing for that priggish face.

Two weeks were gone, vanished like pages torn off a calendar. Henry sat in the garden of the Marvins' bungalow seriously discussing the South American crisis with Marvin.

While he waited to play tennis with Leslie, and knew it was the last day he would do these things. In the beginning he had dreamed a dream; it had to do with a small apartment and Leslie in gingham. But he had seen her; she did not know the meaning of money. He

was in no position to support an orchid.

Leslie came into the garden and they went off together to the courts. When they had finished playing tennis they walked up the beach. They climbed out on the rocks at the point and took off their shoes and dangled their feet in the water like children.

"The ocean made a clamoring sadness in him," Leslie said.

"What?"

"Nothing. Just Leslie." She leaned a little against him, letting the wind play with her hair. "You are like the mermaid," Henry said, "who climbed up out of the sea to lure men to destruction."

"The way I'm destroying you?"

"Yes." It was not funny. It was very serious. "Some day," Henry said, "you will marry some nice young man and settle down in a diamond-studded cave and live happily ever after." He considered her head against the sky and the line of her blouse, open at the throat, and her mouth ready for laughter, because, with them, it had always been a game. "Leslie," he said sadly, "you are very beautiful. Did you ever boil an egg?"

"No." She swished the water with her feet. "Is that bad?"

"Not especially," Henry said. "You were made to be tended in a hot-house. You will always be taken care of."

Her eyes came round brightly. "Are you making love to me?"

"No," Henry said, alarmed. "We'd better be getting back."

Desperately Henry picked up her shoes and his own. He turned, poised to go. But he did not go. The look on Leslie's face stopped him.

He made a valiant effort. "Leslie," Henry said, "I—" But suddenly it wasn't a game any more. It had got out of hand.

"Please," Leslie said. "Please, say it."

The shoes fell with a plop, wedging, fortunately, among the rocks. Henry let the wind wrap them together.

Henry sat at the desk in his hotel room. He figured with numbers on a piece of paper, and made plans. He picked up the telephone and dialed.

"Have they got a messenger yet?" he asked when eventually Buck's voice answered.

"We had one," Buck said. "He quit yesterday. You getting tired of that fancy cracker-box?"

"Listen," Henry said. "When my final hotel bill is paid I'll have exactly fifty-six cents in my bank account and twenty-one-fifty cash. To-night I am going to show the old man my cheque-book and ask to marry his daughter. And to-morrow I will need a job with which to support her in a manner to which she'll soon, I trust, become accustomed."

"Come on down," Buck said. "I'll speak to the boss."

Henry phoned Marvin's bungalow. The servant assured him Marvin was out. Henry went down to the lobby. He saw Marvin at the desk. The clerk was speaking to him, with a look of pained regret.

"I'm sorry, sir," the clerk was saying. "Mr. Orcutt is still confined to his bungalow. He's seeing no one. And he is checking out to-morrow."

"Hello, Henry," Marvin seemed to collect himself; visibly, he seemed to pull himself together. "I want to talk to you."

"I want to talk to you, too, sir."

The bartender set down their drinks.

Marvin felt in his pockets. "Must have forgotten my wallet. Loan me twenty, will you?"

Henry handed out his last 20-dollar bill. Marvin gave it to the bartender and kept the change.

"Henry," Marvin said suddenly, "do you love my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then marry her."

Henry held himself, not moving. His first surge of great joy subsided quickly, leaving him apprehensive.

"I haven't any pride where Leslie's concerned," Marvin said, speaking slowly. "I'll lay my cards on the table."

Henry said, agitated, "Mr. Marvin, there's something I—"

"Let me finish," Marvin was quiet and was not to be rushed about it. "I want you to know this before you say anything. My boy," Marvin said, "I'm broke."

All the words Henry knew went away.

"Now," Marvin said, "what did you want to tell me?"

"Nothing, sir," Henry swallowed.

"Well," Marvin said, "I've always talked plainly. You're rich. You can take care of Leslie the way she's used to being taken care of. I'm asking you to marry her."

Henry tried; he reached for words of tact and comfort. There was nothing.

"Reconversion," Marvin said, "knocked me for a loop. The cancellation of my contracts caught me with a load of new machinery that would have quadrupled production. Then all of a sudden there wasn't any production."

Henry groped wildly among the ruins of his neat plans. Viewing the wreckage, he knew how far short he was of what Marvin wanted him to be.

"Orcutt was my last big hope," Marvin said. "He gets parts from subcontractors. I am now," he said simply, "among the unemployed."

"I'll work out," Henry mumbled.

"I don't care for myself," Marvin stirred. "I've been broke before. But I don't want Leslie to go through all that. Her mother went through that with me once. But it's hard on a woman."

Henry stood up; he had to move; he couldn't just sit there with the bottom dropping out of everything. He said, "I'm sorry, sir. I can't marry Leslie."

"Why not?" Marvin looked at him. "You mean, her being poor makes a difference?"

Swallowing did not help; the tightness was there. "Yes," Henry said. "It makes a difference."

Henry spent a restless night, and was relieved when morning came.

He packed, and went downstairs. He wanted to see no one. Most of all he wanted not to see Marvin.

The first person he saw was Marvin. He was at the desk, and Leslie was at the news-stand picking out post-cards.

"Hello, Henry," Marvin greeted him normally.

"Leaving, sir?"

"I'm going to Trenton," Marvin said. "My home town. I'll try to dig up backing there." He shrugged. "About that twenty—"

"Forget it. I'm checking out to-day, myself. I'd like to say goodbye to Leslie."

"I wouldn't." Carefully Marvin regarded Henry from under his brows. "She expected you last night."

"I'm sorry."

## MARVIN said,

"Well, that's life. You never know what's round the corner. It isn't often I've guessed wrong. I thought—but never mind. Good-bye, Henry."

Marvin crossed to the news-stand to join Leslie. Henry watched him go, and Henry knew that he would never feel quite alive again.

There was a tap on his shoulder. It was the young man with the rosebud.

"Look," Henry said savagely; "you don't have to follow me around. I'm checking out, and I'm paying up my bill. In full, see?"

The young man looked at Henry with mild surprise. "There is some mistake, sir. I am not attached to this hotel."

"Then what are you following me for?"

The young man lifted his brows. "I am Mr. Orcutt's secretary. I have a message for you; Mr. Orcutt wishes to see you."

Henry stood a minute. "Mr. Orcutt," Henry said carefully, "wants to see me?"

"That is correct." The young man motioned with his head. "He's right over there."

Henry looked. Henry stared.

"That," Henry said, "is Mr. Orcutt?"

"Yes, sir."

Anger went. Everything went.

Like a little child Henry allowed himself to be led across the lobby, and a charming old man with twinkling blue eyes was speaking to him kindly and was bidding him welcome; and Henry was seeing an old codger with spindly legs and a round stomach whom he had laid, gasping and half-drowned, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean.

"I've been slightly indisposed ever since," Orcutt told him. "I set Hew-ton, here, looking for you. But you had such a way of disappearing. I want to do something for you. I shall write you a cheque."

"Mr. Orcutt," Henry said earnestly, "I don't want any money. But, Mr. Orcutt, there's a friend of mine. I'd like you to meet him. He's been trying to see you."

The last Henry saw of them, Orcutt was offering Marvin a cigar and they were crossing to a divan. Henry hefted his bags and walked briskly down the palm-headed drive. The loose change jangled lonesomely in his pocket. He felt a lightness inside; he was both happy and unhappy. He whistled to keep from thinking.

Behind him feet came running.

"Henry!"

He walked on. He would not stop and he would not let himself think.

"Henry!"

He walked on. Leslie was just behind him. "I meant to tell your dad," Henry said over his shoulder. "I used to work for him."

She came on. "But I know that, Henry. I knew it all the time."

"Oh sure," He grimaced bitterly. "Where did I meet you? Wasn't it Mrs. Oliphant's moose hunt?"

At least the girl had stamina.

"That was a game, you silly thing. I was waiting for you to tell me, and when you didn't I played it out."

She had to stop talking to catch her breath. Henry grew worried. "You fooled Daddy, but you didn't fool me. Do you think I go round talking to strange men in bars? I remembered your smile—from the day you jerked that cable out of my way—"

Henry stopped and set down his bags. They looked at each other.

"Listen," Henry said, finding words. "You don't know. You couldn't take it. You're a luxury item, baby. To-morrow," Henry said, "I start working for thirty-five dollars a week."

"Yes."

Her chin came up, and all of her wilfulness showed then. "When my mother married my father," Leslie said, "they did not have that much. Am I less than my mother?"

She stood before him, waiting.

"If your mother was not less than you," Henry said seriously, "your mother was quite a girl."

And, bending to kiss her, he felt sure of it.

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All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



# Fashions First Favourite

FOR THE DAYS WHEN THE  
SUN FORGETS TO SHINE

**Y**OU'LL have to see the new Hanro outer wear and underwear to fully appreciate the exciting colour range and the loveliness of Hanro designs. These smart beautifully tailored knitted suits, twin sets and pullovers, and the dainty woollen underwear are sold by your favourite store so keep on asking for them by name. Remember, too, Hanro under-garments stand up to constant laundering without losing their shape and are guaranteed unshrinkable.



*All Hanro knitwear is made from pure Merino wool.*



*The Quality is a Proud Tradition*

*And 'neath it all she's a Hanro girl*



**HANRO**  
UNDIES AND KNITWEAR

SOLD BY LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



## Fruit trees— useful and decorative

**"ARBOR DAY"** is celebrated in most State schools by the planting of trees—generally firs, pines, willows, and other trees which are beautiful to look at. I think it would be a good idea if the children were to plant fruit trees as well. They would make the grounds pleasant, and also would supply much-needed fruit.

The fruit trees could be looked after by the children, and the fruit picked under the supervision of the teacher. The teacher could also distribute it among the pupils.

Perhaps the children who plant the fruit trees will have left or moved to other schools by the time the trees they planted bear fruit.

They will not benefit by their action, but they will know that this fruit planting is a tradition.

It is good for children to grow to love ornamental trees for their beauty alone; but a mixture of these with fruit trees would be ideal.

5/- to Mrs. M. E. Mitchell, Feluga, North Qld.

## Ambulance alarms

IN every city there are quite a number of alarm boxes which only require to be set off to bring a fire-engine to the spot immediately. This greatly reduces the risk of fire. Could not this excellent idea be applied also to ambulance service?

If alarm boxes, clearly branded with a red cross, were established the ambulance could be summoned swiftly.

5/- to Peter Moore, Sloane's Hotel, Rosewood, Qld.

## MARY

paused, thinking. "Not on Sunday," she said. "And there's no point in going back farther than that, is there?"

"Have you got something in your mind, miss?" said Hemingway, watching her.

"No, not really. Only that I know of one person who was in the gun-room on Saturday morning. But it isn't helpful, I'm afraid."

"You never know. Who was it, miss?"

"Mr. White. My cousin had lent him a shotgun and he brought it back on his way to work on Saturday. I didn't see him myself, but Mrs. Carter told me about it."

"Did Mr. White go into the gun-room, then?"

"Yes, he did."

"Alone, miss?"

"Yes. Mrs. Carter said she didn't see why she should bother to put the gun back in its place for him."

"And you don't know of anyone else who went to the gun-room?"

"No, but I quite see that almost anyone could have. The front door is always open during summer, and any number of people must know that Mrs. Carter kept all her first husband's rifles. She turned, for the morning-room door had opened, and Dr. Chester had come out into the hall."

Chester glanced from her to Hemingway. "Good-morning, Inspector," he said. "I hope you haven't come to upset my patient again?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so, sir!" replied Hemingway. "Very sorry Mrs. Carter was upset yesterday, but if you don't mind my saying so, you'd better speak to Miss Fanshawe about that. That was her little show, not mine. Any objection to my seeing Mrs. Carter?"

"No," said Chester, reopening the morning-room door. "None at all."

The Inspector passed into the room. Chester shut the door behind him, and looked across at Mary with the enigmatical expression in his eyes that always made her feel that he saw a great deal more than one wanted him to. "Tired, Mary?"

She smiled, but with an effort. "A little. Rather bothered. How do you find Aunt Ermy?"

"She'll be all right. Nothing for you to worry about."

"I thought last night she was going to have a thorough breakdown. It's absurd, Maurice, but she's worrying herself sick over Vicky."

The Australian Women's Weekly—June 21, 1947

## What's on your mind?

### Your own choice

I DISAGREE with Mrs. Perelle's letter of 17/5/47.

The dying of hair that is losing its youthful tints should be the concern only of the individual. It is only natural to hang on to youth; in fact, to hang on to life itself. If one person feels unhappy with grey hair, let her have it tinted.

It always seems strange to me that those who condemn the tinting of hair think it all right to have their own hair permanently waved.

I was one of the fortunate ones who saw Gracie Fields when she was out here. Her hair was a crown of golden beauty.

In her straightforward manner she said, "It's going golden with old age. I'm 48, you know, but I'm going to stay young for a long time yet."

A good, kindly face won't look hard because the hair is tinted, but a hard face will still look hard whatever color frames it.

5/- to Mrs. Dale Porter, 176 Bourverie St., Carlton, Vic.

### World for children

UNTIL the people of the world are universally fed, there can be no hope of international peace. When this essential is satisfied, then the nations should all meet at a gigantic council from which past history should bar no nation.

Even then, such a council might fail. But widely differing as we are we all have one thing in common—our mutual love for our children. Let the council meet then to build a world fit for the children of all nations.

5/- to Cath Lett, "Fair View," Egg Lagoon, King Island.

### Readers are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 2. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### Treachery of plugs

YOU put your plug into the washing trough, flick the suds round with gusto to get a good lather, and then realise the treachery of plugs.

For it's ten to one that you will claw that plug out in the first wash, causing your precious suds to vanish.

Don't we all long for plugs which screw in tightly? But whenever I mention this defect to salesmen they say patronisingly:



"But it's the standard fitting, madam, there is no other! They have always been like that." In the what's-good-enough-for-Grandma-is-good-enough-for-you tone.

5/- to Vera M. Bockman, Tannunda, S.A.

### Films affect young

MANY people bluntly refuse to admit that the films of to-day affect the minds of young children.

An incident which I saw the other day may convince them.

During the screening of a film, a two-year-old baby girl burst into tears. She was unable to understand the plot of the story, was horror-stricken, and went into a prolonged crying fit.

At this stage a savage dog was fiercely attacking a man. Ironically enough, the rest of the audience was in a state of exultation, as the molested character was intended to be the villain of the story.

One wonders what a relatively simple incident of this nature might have on the child's temperament, and even on its future regard for animals when it reaches more mature years.

5/- to J. S. Dunsian, Advertiser Office, Maryborough, Qld.

### Training for musicians

SMALL play companies, struggling to revive the legitimate theatre, cannot afford to engage professional orchestras.

Student musicians would be grateful for the opportunity of "filling in" during long interval breaks, and play companies would no doubt contribute to a musicians' fund in return for their services.

Such a scheme would provide play-house patrons with continuous entertainment. The recitals would give students the confidence and police to be acquired only through playing in public.

5/- to Paddy A. Ryan, 297 Darlinghurst Rd., King's Cross, N.S.W.

## Why one man remains in his seat

I STILL hear complaints from women who have been left standing in trains while young men sit down. I am one who remains seated, and I have every reason for doing so.

I am referring to the normal woman, not to disabled people, the aged, or to women with babies who are always welcome to my seat.

The reasons I give are these: A healthy woman is quite as able to stand as I am.

There is always embarrassment at the changing of seats. If the woman refuses to sit down, and says she is not going far, the offer must either return to his seat or relinquish it altogether.

Women were once said to be the weaker sex, but as they claim equality with men they take the consequences.

I am not, however, quite as hard as I seem, for there are exceptions to my rule of "Not standing."

I advise those women who really want a seat in a crowded train to look very weary, then to wander slowly along the corridor from front to rear. They must be sure that they are seen.

5/- to G. H. M. Wallace, 53 Arnold St., Killara, N.S.W.

### Swimming baths

SPECIAL sections of swimming baths, completely private, should be provided for pregnant women.

Pre-natal clinics recommend swimming for expectant mothers, as it is the best exercise for them.

On hot summer days many women would like to go swimming, but are too self-conscious to swim in public.

5/- to Mrs. J. F. Welch, jun., Maroubra Junction, N.S.W.

## No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 4

"Yes, I've assured her that there's no need. I'd like to have a word with that young lady."

"You can't. She's gone to the inquest, with Hugh."

Again he looked at her in that considering way of his. "Has she, indeed? Why?"

"Oh, heaven knows! In search of a thrill, I daresay. She will have it she's closely concerned. She'll probably treat us all to another act—innocent girl suspected of Murder, or something of the sort. I'm sorry to say Hugh rather encourages her. I suppose I must be lacking in a sense of humor, for I don't find it amusing."

"No, nor I. Especially when she saddles me with Ermytrude's exalted foreign guests," said Chester dryly.

"I feel terribly remorseful about that," confessed Mary. "Only it was

such a godsend when you offered to have him, I jumped at it."

He smiled. "It's all right, my dear."

"Is he a frightful scourge to you?"

"Oh no! I don't see much of him. He had some idea of coming round to explain himself to Ermytrude, but I headed him off. I trust that the police will soon arrive at some conclusion about him."

"She could not help laughing. 'Maurice, you've no idea how cold-blooded that sounds! Between ourselves, do you think he did it?'"

"I've no idea," he replied shortly.

"I can't make up my mind about it. Somehow, it doesn't seem possible than any of the people suspected can have done such a thing."

"Nevertheless, it's obvious that one of them must have."

### BUTCH



"Three detectives was watchin' the wedding presents, but, don't worry, I didn't come away empty-handed."

"Couldn't it have been someone quite different? Perhaps someone we don't even know about?"

"My dear, I'm not a detective. It doesn't seem very likely to me."

"It sounds ridiculous, but I do rather wish you hadn't been out on a case at the time. I feel you might have been more use than Dr. Hinchcliffe."

"Rubbish! Your cousin was dead before Hinchcliffe got there."

"I didn't mean that. Something might have struck you. You're much cleverer than Dr. Hinchcliffe. Everyone says so."

"Very gratifying, but if you're imagining that I could have done anything more than he did, you're quite wrong, Mary."

They were interrupted at this moment by Ermytrude, who bounced out of the morning-room, with Inspector Hemingway on her heels. "Oh, there you are, love!" she exclaimed. "Look, Mary, isn't it a fact that Harold White was in the gun-room on Saturday, all by himself?"

"Yes; I've already told the inspector so."

"And what's more, hadn't Wally lent him a hundred pounds, which he hadn't paid back?"

"I don't know how much it was, but certainly Wally did—"

"Well, I do know, because I've been through Wally's old cheque-books," said Ermytrude. "It's as plain as a pikestaff he walked off with that rifle. I always said he was at the bottom of it!"

"Yes, I know," said Mary patiently, "but you're forgetting that Mr. White can't possibly have had anything to do with it, Aunt Ermy."

"Oh, don't talk to me!" said Ermytrude. "If he didn't actually do it himself, I dare say he got Alan to. Now I come to think of it, what was Alan doing when Wally was shot? All we've been told is that he was out. Out where, that's what I'd like to know?"

"But, Aunt, why on earth should Alan shoot Wally? It isn't even as though he's on good terms with his father!"

"I'm sure I don't know, but I've always hated those Whites, and don't anyone tell me that my instinct's wrong, because a woman's instinct never lies!"

### ERMYTRUDE

accompanied her last remark by a challenging glance at the inspector, who replied promptly that he wouldn't dream of telling her anything of the sort. "At the same time," he added, "if the story your daughter's got hold of is true, madam, I'm bound to say Mr. White should be the last person in the world to want Mr. Carter dead."

"What's this about my daughter?" demanded Ermytrude. "Have you been persecuting her again with your wicked, false suspicions?"

"Aunt Ermy!" began Mary.

"Don't Aunt Ermy me!" snapped Ermytrude. "No one's going to badger my girl, so understand that, once and for all."

The inspector was not in the least ruffled by this unjust attack.

"I don't blame you," he said cordially, "but as for my badgering her, she's more likely to get me running round in circles, from all I've seen of her. Of course it's easy to see where she gets her spirit from. Same place as where she got her looks, if you'll pardon me saying so, madam."

Ermytrude was naturally a little mollified by this speech, but she said sternly: "Well, what business had you with her to-day?"

"I hadn't," replied the inspector. "It was she who had business with me, and since you're bound to hear it from her, I don't mind telling you that she thinks she's discovered the reason why your husband went to see Mr. White on Sunday."

"She has?" Mary exclaimed. "Are you sure she wasn't—well, pulling your leg?"

"I wouldn't be sure, only that Mr. Dering was there, fairly egging her on to tell me all," replied Hemingway candidly.

"Oh! Was I right then? Had my cousin got some deal on with White and Jones?"

"According to Miss Fanshawe, he had. Which, if true, doesn't make it look as though he'd have shot your husband, now, does it, madam?"

Mary pushed back a lock of hair from her brow. "But surely there isn't any question of that?" she said.

"I understood that he wasn't even in sight of the bridge when my cousin was shot! He couldn't have had anything to do with it!"

Please turn to page 21



# American teen-agers

## "just adore" wool clothes

Vogue, Junior Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle — those famous

American fashions magazines — feature wool clothes for the fashion-wise

Misses of this world. And are those Misses enthusiastic about wool?

They "just adore," are "simply mad" about, the darling wool dresses for important dates... the trim little suits... and those plaid slacks! Apart

from their fashion appeal, wool clothes have other attractions — they are easy

to wear, easily taken care of and make the best of a girl's figure. Naturally

crease-resistant, wool clothes rarely require pressing and are oh, so packable!

And they wear and wear and wear.

Here and now, decide to dress

in wool whenever you can. Remember, nothing

can take the place of real wool.

- Grey and yellow checked wool blouse and lining to bolero of grey worsted dress.



- Classic three-piece tweed. The coat you can wear over dresses; the jacket with slacks, skirts and sweaters.



- The sweetest "special occasions" dress: Low oval neckline, dear little puffy sleeves, tucks on gathered skirt. Material—wool crepe in some pretty pastel.



- Something new! Plaid wool slacks and vest. Wool shirt and wide, wide belt of coloured felt, saddle-stitched.

*P.S. You may not find these identical clothes in the shops — but keep this ad. as a fashion guide.*



# No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 19

## INSPECTOR

Hemingway admitted that, but added, "However, I'm not one to set myself up against a woman's instinct."

Ermyntrude looked suspiciously at him, but he met her gaze so unflinchingly that she decided that he was not being sarcastic at her expense.

"I don't know anything about where he was standing when Wally was shot," she said. "Ten to one it's a pack of lies, for though I've nothing against the girl I wouldn't trust Janet White farther than I could see her, while as for Sam Jones, if there was ever a wrong 'un, he's one! All I do know is that White brought my first husband's shotgun back on Saturday morning, and what's more, no one went with him into the gun-room!"

"But, Aunt Ermy, he's not the only person who could have taken it," Mary protested. "And besides Saturday, there's all Sunday to be reckoned with."

"The only people we had here on Sunday were Bob Steel and you, Maurice. And if you're going to tell me Bob took the gun you can spare your breath, for it's a lie."

She broke off, frowning, and then said triumphantly, "Now I come to think of it, didn't Alan White come over on Sunday morning to play tennis? There you are, then! Not but what I still say it was White himself took the rifle, and nothing will ever make me alter my opinion."

At that moment the butler came into the hall from the servants' wing. Hemingway lifted an imperative finger. "Just you come here a minute, will you?" he said. "Did you happen to see Mr. White on Saturday morning, when he brought back the shotgun he'd borrowed from Mr. Carter?"

"I did not see Mr. White arrive, Inspector."

"Did you see him at all, that's what I want to know?"

"I encountered Mr. White coming out of the gun-room. I was momentarily taken aback, but Mr. White explained that he had madam's leave to replace the gun."

"Did you notice whether he was carrying anything?"

"Yes, Inspector. Mr. White had his case in his hand."

"That's right," corroborated Ermyntrude. "He brought the gun back in a case of his own, and I said at the time it was just like my husband to lend the gun out of its case."

"An ordinary shotgun case?" said the Inspector.

"No, a nasty, cheap-looking thing," replied Ermyntrude.

Peake coughed behind his hand. "If I might be allowed to explain to the Inspector, madam? Mr. White was carrying what is known as a lambone-case."

"He was, was he? Was he carrying anything else?"

"No, Inspector, nothing else."

"Did you see him out of the house?"

"Certainly I did," answered Peake, slightly affronted.

"All right, that's all." He waited until the butler had departed, and then said with all the air of one whose most cherished illusion has

been shattered: "There, now, we shall have to give up thinking about White after all. Seems a pity, but there it is."

"I don't see why," said Ermyntrude. "Something tells me he did it!"

"Yes, but the trouble is that something tells me that you can't get a three-foot rifle into a thirty-inch case," replied Hemingway. "It does seem a shame, doesn't it? But, there, that's a detective's life all over! Full of disappointments."

Since Ermyntrude was extremely loath to abandon what by this time amounted to a conviction that her pet aversion had murdered Wally, the inspector's last remark annoyed her considerably. She said that to carp and to criticize and to raise niggling objections was men all over.

When the inspector patiently asked her to explain how White could have packed a rifle into a case designed to carry, separately, the barrels and stock of a shotgun, she replied that it was not her business to solve such problems, but rather his.

The inspector swallowed twice before he could trust himself to answer.

"Well, if he did it, all I can say is that he must be a highly talented conjurer, which, if true, is a piece of very important information which has been concealed from me."

"Of course he's not a conjurer," said Ermyntrude crossly. "And don't think you can laugh at me, because I won't put up with it!"

At this point, Dr. Chester intervened, saying with authority that Ermyntrude had talked enough, and must on no account allow herself to become agitated. He ordered her to rest quietly until luncheon was served, and, at a sign from him, Mary coaxed her to retire to the sofa in the drawing-room.

The inspector threw Chester a look of gratitude. "It beats me how you medical gentlemen get away with it, sir!" he said, when Mary had taken Ermyntrude away. "If I'd so much as hinted to her what she wanted was to cool off, she'd have turned me out of the house, or had a fit of hysterics, which would have been the same thing."

"You're not her doctor, Inspector," answered Chester with a faint smile. "You mustn't forget that I've attended Mrs. Carter for many years."

"Know her very well, I daresay?"

"A doctor always knows his patients well."

"Was Mr. Carter a patient of yours, too?"

"Yes, but he didn't often have occasion to call me in on his own account."

The inspector's penetrating gaze held a question. "I take it you didn't like him any more than anyone else seems to have done?"

"No, I didn't like him much," Chester replied calmly. "He was a tiresome man—no sort of moral sense whatsoever, and as weak as water."

"Did it surprise you, when you heard he'd been shot, sir?"

"Naturally, it did."

"You didn't know of anybody who might have wanted to get him out of the way?"

"Certainly not. I know of many people who have thought for years that it was a pity Mrs. Carter ever married him, of course."

The inspector said: "It's a funny thing, Doctor, but I get the impression that you're not being as open with me as I'd like."

"Sorry, I'm afraid there's nothing I can tell you," Chester answered.

"I wasn't in Carter's confidence."

He turned to pick up his attaché case from the table, but before he could leave the house Vicky had entered it, with Hugh Dering behind her.

"Oh, hello!"

ENTERPRISING women of the Perth Orchestral Committee not only edit and produce their own newspaper but sell the paper at concerts, at meetings, and on the streets.

Called "Crescendo," the paper's editorial space is devoted entirely to the musical activities of the city.

Inspiration for "Crescendo," first paper of its kind in Australia, came from Toronto, Canada.

When Sir Ernest MacMillan, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, was in Australia, he arranged correspondence between the orchestral committees in Toronto and Perth.

Members of the Perth committee received copies of the Toronto committee's paper, and were so interested they decided to start a paper of their own.

First issue coincided with the opening of the 1947 orchestral season, and all copies were sold out in a few days.

It is printed on art paper, has four tabloid pages with a special feature section, an editorial, a social column, an article, and a quiz.

Mrs. Conrad Charlton, president of the committee, said "Crescendo" aims to provide a record of musical progress in Western Australia; encourage constructive musical criticism and suggestions by the public; provide interesting reading for the musical public.

This year it will come out monthly, next year more often.

## Cycling in England

AN ex-Awar, Helen Hoe, of Collaroy, N.S.W., is seeing England on her deferred pay, and spending the summer cycling through the country.

She has joined the Youth Hostels Association for an annual fee of 7/6. This enables her to sleep and buy meals at a moderate price at Youth Hostels.

She intends first to see Cornwall and Devon, then Wales, Yorkshire, and finally Scotland. Next summer she hopes to go to the Continent.

Vicky said, mildly surprised to see the inspector. "Hallo, Maurice! How's Ermyntrude?"

"Not very well. You ought to know that," Chester said sternly.

"Poor sweet, I'm afraid she won't be until all this is over. Why didn't you come to the inquest? I quite thought you'd be there, though as a matter of fact it turned out to be frightfully stagnant."

"I couldn't see that it concerned me," replied Chester. He nodded to the inspector, told Vicky briefly not to agitate her mother, and left the house.

"Why is Maurice so curt and unloving?" wondered Vicky. "Did you annoy him, Inspector? And, I say, what are you doing here? Or can't you tell me?"

"Oh, there's no secret about what I'm doing," responded Hemingway. "I'm trying to discover who could have taken that rifle out of the house, and not getting much help either."

"I'll help you!" offered Vicky. "Practically anyone could, I should think."

"Yes, that's a lot of use," said the inspector.

"Well, I could have," she answered. "Early! The only thing is I've never shot with it, so I shouldn't think I'd have managed to kill my step-father."

"Tell me this, miss!" said the inspector suddenly. "When you heard that shot, just exactly where were you?"

"Oh, I was round the bend in the stream! And I didn't hear or see anyone, and my dog didn't bark, or cock his ears, or anything, and have I got to say it all over again?"

"Didn't you think it was a bit

## Animal Antics



## Crime does not pay

IT doesn't pay these days to take a chance and park your car in Sydney city streets for 15 or 20 minutes, hoping a "please explain" slip won't arrive in a day or two. Fines are so heavy that such parking is very expensive. Quite a frequent fine now for a single offence is £5, and one business man was fined £6/4/6 recently for parking for 20 minutes in Martin Place. Gone indeed are the days when the damage was only 8/-.

## Honest sweat out of date

SO mechanised are even small farms in America that all the old symbols of life on the land, horse-drawn ploughs, scythes, axes, saws, are fast disappearing. Latest addition to mechanical gadgets to do the farm work are awesome-looking corn pickers, which shove huge fingers in between four rows of stalks to pick off the cobs; a weird anti-frost unit which spreads infrared heat over an acre of ground at a time to warm the soil and plants; and power saws built of magnesium so that they can be carried about easily. One power saw does the work of a sickle, scythe, axe, and hand-saw.

odd, anyone shooting in the shrubbery?"

"No, because actually I didn't think about it. You often hear shots in the country, you know, and it might easily have been Mr. White, or someone, shooting a rabbit."

"You weren't in sight of the bridge?"

"No, round the bend. I told you. And then I wandered up one of the paths, climbing the hill, and it wasn't till I heard Janet crying that it dawned on me something was wrong. But why on earth you worry about me when you've got the Prince right under your nose, absolutely asking to be arrested, I can't imagine. He could have taken the rifle as easily as I could."

"Not on Sunday afternoon," said Mary, who had just come out of the drawing-room.

"Darling Mary, are you trying to send me to the gallows?" asked Vicky reproachfully.

"Of course I'm not, but one must be fair, and I saw the Prince leave the house on Sunday afternoon."

"If he did it," said Vicky, "he'd laid his plans long before Sunday. Probably on Saturday."

"Did he go into the gun-room on Saturday?" asked Hugh.

"Yes, of course he did. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he took the rifle at dead of night and hid it somewhere. In fact, it would be a good thing to assume that he did and then work it out from that point."

"If you don't mind my putting in a word, miss, before you take the gentleman's character clean away," said the inspector mildly, "I would like to point out that according to all the evidence I've heard so far,

## Still at your service

OBBLIGING conduct of tram conductors seems to be much in the air. Last week we recounted a pleasing experience of two Sydney girls in Launceston, and now another Sydneysider has come home from an interstate visit with a tram tale to tell.

She was sightseeing in Geelong, Victoria, and took a tram out to North Geelong. In hearing of the conductor she remarked that she was going back to Melbourne, but did not know if the Melbourne train stopped at North Geelong, or whether she would have to return to Geelong to catch it.

"I'll soon find out," said the conductor, leaping off his tram and sprinting ahead of it to the railway station.

Soon he returned with the information that the train did stop, and its time of departure.

AN Englishwoman, forced to travel extensively by train on concert tours, has asked for a strict "No conversation" compartment on every train, similar to the "No smoking" compartment.

## Women's work never done

JUDGING by statistics revealed in the latest Occupation Survey of Australia, women are quietly but steadily invading most employment fields, even those once looked on as strictly for males.

Fields in which women have only one representative include gold mining, driving, billiard marking, ring-barking, panel beating, stevedoring, and ship rigging.

There is also only one woman ship's watchman, ship's sculleryman, ferry worker, electrical engineer, saw doctor, rifle-range keeper, boat-swain, and lead roller.

So far there are no women axemen, sleeper hewers, post splitters, bank managers, lighthousekeepers, or goat farmers.

The survey lists 65 women crane-drivers, 53 beekeepers, 27 undertakers and embalmers, 22 tobacco growers, 19 rabbiters, 17 fishermen, eight "newsboys", six oyster-bed cultivators, five livestock buyers, four shearing contractors, three tin miners, and two each in the sand-blasting, prospecting, boatbuilding, and coppersmith trades.

Mr. White didn't invite your step-father until Sunday morning."

"Oh, well, we can easily get round that!" replied Vicky. "I expect Alexis just hid the rifle in case it should come in handy. After all, my step-father was bound to go out for a stroll some time or other, and I do definitely feel that Alexis is a very thoughtful person, and would have had everything ready just on the off-chance."

"This was too much, even for the inspector, and he looked round for his hat. Mary said, 'I wish you wouldn't talk in that irresponsible way, Vicky! It's absolutely actionable!'"

"Oh, is it? Could I be hup up for libel, or something?" asked Vicky, her eyes brightening.

"Now look what you've done!" said Hugh, addressing Mary. "No, Vicky, no! Don't start seeing yourself in the witness box, causing strong jurymen to shed tears of pity for you!"

"It strikes me that you're just about as bad as she is, sir," said Hemingway severely, and left them.

Mary found herself to be so much in agreement with this pronouncement that instead of inviting Hugh to stay to lunch, she asked him somewhat crossly if he had come to Grey-stanes for any particular purpose.

"Only to return Sarah Bernhardt to the bosom of her family," he replied. "The lady's car died on her."

"Yes, and I quite think I went over rather well with your father," said Vicky, "which is a thing I didn't expect, because he didn't take to me in the least when I was being a Girl of the Century. Mary, you were too utterly right not to go to the inquest! It was wholly spurious."

Please turn to page 24

## THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"This is a combination good deed and two-mile hike!"



# Elegance



**THE DROPPED HIPLINE** is featured by Madeleine de Rauch in this suit of tailored tweed in a navy-blue and dark red mixture, made with a double-breasted, two-pocket jacket.

**A SIMULATED JACKET** is an interesting feature of the navy blue wool afternoon dress, which all in one piece. White and white gardenia are the Piguet's signature for the new season.



**LELONG** designed this youthful but sophisticated frock of pale blue surrah silk, which demonstrates his genius in handling fabrics. Gloves and hat are of navy-blue.

**CINNAMON** is combined with black in this Molyneux wool suit, worn with a black blouse and hat. The jacket has the new jaunty peplum, the scallops outlined with heavy wool.

**A KILT PETTICOAT** is worn with a frock by Jean Dessès of bright navy-blue crepe, and the round yoke and baby sleeves match the petticoat.





# from PARIS

★ These frocks and suits were shown at some of the recent Paris collections from which Mrs. Mary Hordern has selected models for The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades.

Some of them indicate a return to the "grand manner" and are designed for luxurious and spacious living, but these are balanced by others which can take their place in a more hustling, practical world.



IN THE GRAND TRADITION this evening dress by Jacques Heim is of water-green satin with black motifs.



INTRICATE DRAPING on the bodice and in the unusual skirt is shown in this exquisitely cut frock from Charles Montaigne. It is of parma-violet crepe, and is worn with an off-the-face hat, in a deeper shade of violet, and matching gloves.



## Gibbs-Kids Korner



### IS MARCO YOUR HERO?

Marco is a trapeze artist in a big circus. He is brave and daring. Do you want to be like Marco when you grow up?



MOTHER: Let this story teach your youngsters (with care) Gibbs is the most economical dentifrice you can buy. No waste... well taste, and only 1/3d. for a refill.

G.31.1

MARY paid no attention to Vicky's ramblings about these things, but asked instead, "Where's Maurice?"

"Oh, he went away! He didn't seem to me to have the party spirit at all. Probably Alexis has trodden him down."

Mary sighed. "I suppose you mean by that that he saw how serious the whole situation is."

"We all see that," said Hugh.

"Well, you seem to be getting a good deal of amusement out of it."

"Sorry! You shouldn't have teased Vicky on to me."

"I'm glad you find her so funny. I don't," said Mary, walking to the staircase.

Hugh watched her till she was out of sight, and then took Vicky by the elbow, and shook her.

"Look here, my little ray of sunshine, you're getting on Mary's nerves! I know you think Carter's death a blessing, imperfectly disguised, but it's just conceivable that Mary doesn't. After all, he was her cousin. You've got to behave."

"I am behaving myself!" said Vicky indignantly. "Why I even gave up the idea of being mysterious with the inspector, just because I thought Mary mightn't like it! I've even been polite to you!"

"Vicky, if I see much more of you I shall wring your neck!"

"If Peake's listening, you'll be sorry you said that," remarked Vicky.

"Specially if my body is found lying about the place to-morrow. Are you staying to lunch?"

"No, I must get back. Don't spread that story of Alan White's about, by the way!"

When he had left the house, Vicky went upstairs, and presently wandered into Mary's bedroom. "Are you feeling jaded, darling Mary?" she asked, peering herself at the dressing-table mirror.

"Extremely jaded."

"Poor sweet!" Vicky said, adjusting her hat. "All the same, I do truly think you make yourself worse through not looking on the bright side. Quite honestly, do you mind Wally's being dead?"

"Of course I—" Mary stopped short. "That is, I suppose I don't. Anyway, I can't bear the thought of his having been murdered."

"No, I'm not frightfully partial to it myself," agreed Vicky. "That's why I don't dwell on it."

"Yes, you do. You keep on wondering who could have killed him, and it seems to me dreadful!"

"Well, so do you," said Vicky. "Which reminds me that something rather disgusting happened after that mouldy inquest. Janet went and queried Robert's pitch, by divulging that he knew all along Wally was going to tea at the Dover House, so I'm rather afraid the inspector may try to pin the murder on him."

"No!" Mary exclaimed, startled.

"Robert did know?"

"So Janet said. Of course, I always did think he might have done it, only if so I'd rather he got away with it, on account of Ermytrude. That was why I tried to put the inspector on to Alexis."

"But you can't! You mustn't! If Robert—but I won't believe it! If he did, it would be absolutely wicked to try to make the police suspect the Prince instead!"

"Oh, no, really it wouldn't! Because Robert's much nicer than Alexis, who was after poor Ermytrude's money, and I daresay has a perfectly revolting past, which Robert hasn't in the least. And if Robert did murder Wally, he probably thought it was the right thing to do. Why was Maurice so peevish?"

"He wasn't. Naturally, he must be

## No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 21

rather worried about all this, for Aunt Ermy's sake."

Vicky opened her eyes at that. "But she isn't really ill, is she?"

"No, but I've always fancied that he was very fond of her," said Mary.

"Darling, you don't suppose he's in love with her, do you?"

"No, no, of course I don't! Only he did once say to me that she'd been very good to him."

"Oh, that must have been on account of his sister! He used to have one, only she died, and I believe Ermytrude did rather succor her. I wouldn't wonder if Maurice thinks Robert did it."

"Why? Surely he hasn't said anything about it to you?"

"No, but he's taking it frightfully seriously, so that it looks as though he feared the worst."

"He can't think that! In any case, I didn't find him any different. He certainly wasn't with me."

"Oh, well! Then it was probably Hugh who made him so glum. I've noticed he doesn't seem to like Hugh."

Mary stared at her. "But what could he possibly find to dislike in Hugh?"

"Old school tie. Alan does. Besides, there's plenty to dislike in him. Moth-balls and being dictatorial, and—oh, lots of things!"

"Hallo!" said Mary, suddenly making a discovery. "Have you fallen for Hugh?"

"No! I think he's noisome, and I do not fall for other people's boy-friends!"

"If that means me, don't worry! I told you he wasn't."

"But isn't he?" asked Vicky anxiously.

"Definitely not. If you want the truth, I did rather wonder if he was going to be at one time, because I like him tremendously. Only, since all this happened—I can't explain, but I know he isn't. We don't think on the same lines. You probably think I'm very dull and serious-minded, and I daresay I am, for I can't see any humor in the present situation, and, frankly, it annoys me when I hear Hugh being thoroughly flippant about it."

"Well, it meant nothing to me," said Vicky. "He's fussy and dusty, and he doesn't think I'm a great actress. In fact, I practically abominate him, and I shouldn't in the least mind if the inspector suddenly started to suspect him of being the murderer."

Fortunately for Mr. Hugh Dering the inspector had not yet started to suspect him of anything worse than a pronounced partiality for his chief tormentor. The inspector's suspicions were still equally divided between the only five people who appeared to have any motive for having killed Wally Carter.

But a day spent by the sergeant and his underlings in searching for circumstances or witnesses either to disprove or to corroborate the stories told by Prince Varasashvili and Robert Steel had been unsuccessful enough to cast him into a mood of pessimism.

Back at Fritton a little while after five Sergeant Wake was rather despondent also. "The case looked straightforward enough when we started on it, but the conclusion I've come to is that the man who did this murder laid his plans a sight more carefully than we gave him credit for," he said.

"Yes," said the inspector cheerfully, "he certainly knew his onions. You keep right on pursuing investigations into Steel and the Prince. You'll maybe get something sooner or later."

He turned to look at Superintendent Small, who had joined the conference. "Am I right in thinking Mr. Steel's well liked in these parts?"

"I never heard anyone speak ill of him," replied Small. "He's not one to throw his weight about, and he doesn't belong to the real gentry, but they all seem to like him."

"That's what I thought. Everyone likes him, and everyone knows he's been hanging round the fair Ermytrude these two years, and nobody means to give him away if he can help it. Incidentally, is he a friend of the doctor?"

"Chester?" said Small. "Yes, I'd say they were pretty friendly. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," said Hemingway airily. "Only that I had a bit of a chat with the doctor up at Grey-stones this morning, and it struck me that he wasn't what you might call bursting with information. I reckon if anyone knows the ins and outs of the household, it's the doctor, for if you were to tell me the fair Ermytrude doesn't treat him like a confession box I wouldn't believe you."

"Well, I don't know," said Small. "You would hardly expect him to give away anything she may have said to him, would you?"

"No, nor I wouldn't expect him to be so much on his guard that he leaves the house sooner than let me ask him a few questions," retorted Hemingway.

"You think he knows something against Steel?"

"I wouldn't go as far as to say that, but I've a strong notion that he's got his suspicions. Of course, he may know something highly incriminating about one of those two girls. He looked at his watch. "Well, I'm off to have a heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Harold White."

Harold White had just returned home from the collieries when the inspector called at the Dover House.

White received him in his study, an uninteresting apartment with an outlook on to a clump of tall evergreens. He seemed rather surprised to see the inspector, but asked at once what he might have the pleasure of doing for him.

"I suppose you've got a lot more tucked up your sleeve that we heard at the inquest this morning," Hemingway remarked.

"Have you come about what my daughter seems to have told you after I'd gone this morning? She's a bit worried about that. Poured it all out to me as soon as I got home. Well—" he hesitated. "It isn't for me to give you advice, but the fact is my daughter's a bit of a talker. I wouldn't see too much store by what she told you."

"How's that?" inquired Hemingway. "Didn't she invite Mr. Steel here on Sunday?"

"Oh, yes, I didn't mean that! She's always trying to get him to come over. Thinks he must be lonely, living by himself."

Please turn to page 26

## WEDDING DAY DISAPPOINTMENT

...but they fixed it after all



W.197.19



W.3.32



# The Inside Story of Adelyn Style

Everyone knows that a specialist milliner makes better hats...a specialist shoe-maker makes better shoes. No wonder Adelyn fashions are so good. Every detail of every Adelyn garment is made by a specialist in that particular sphere. Here are a few of the hundreds of specialists in the organisation of Adelyn...Australia's largest frock manufacturers.



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"I specialise in Cutting"



"I specialise in shirring and frilling"



"I specialise in overlocking skirts, waists and pads"



"I specialise in setting sleeves"

"I specialise in button sewing"



"I specialise in Inspection"

- no Adelyn garment leaves my hands until it measures up to the Adelyn standard of fashion, finish and fit."



"I specialise in side seams"



"I specialise in hems"

**Adelyn**  
COATS · SUITS · FROCKS



# No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 24

A SNEER came into White's voice. "You know what women are," he went on. "But it didn't strike me that Steel was listening to anything my daughter said with more than half an ear." "I see," said Hemingway. "Was he listening when you warned him that you'd got Carter coming?" "Warned him I'd got Carter coming!" repeated White. "Trust my daughter to make a mountain out of a molehill! What I actually did was to say to her, not to him, that as I'd asked Carter over I didn't think Steel would want to come."

"Like that, was it?" said Hemingway. "Would he have been listening to that, by any chance?" "I don't know! He might have been."

"Well, that's very interesting," said Hemingway. "What's more, it brings me to what I came to talk to you about."

"Shoot!" invited White, waving him to an armchair and himself sitting down by his desk.

"The first thing I should like to know," said Hemingway, "is whether you had any particular reason for asking Mr. Carter here on Sunday." "Oh!" said White, the smile leaving his face. "You needn't tell me who put you up to asking that question. And while I'm about it, I may as well tell you that there's no love lost between me and Ermytrude Carter. Give her time and she'll go around saying I killed Carter, though why on earth I should want to do such a fool thing it would puzzle even her to say!"

"I wouldn't like you to get me wrong," the inspector said. "When I get on to a delicate matter you'd be surprised how discreet I can be. You're quite sure you and Mr. Jones and Mr. Carter weren't out to make money over this new building scheme they've got in Fritton?"

White looked a little discomfited by this direct method of attack, and shifted the blotter on his desk. "There's no reason why I should answer that sort of question."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir! You're bound to assist me all you can, you know." "You can't expect me to admit anything like that. Besides—"

"There, now, if you haven't got me wrong after all! Properly speaking, I'm not interested in building schemes."

"Well, supposing I say I had got a little scheme on? Nothing illegal in that, is there?"

"I don't know, and, what's more, I shan't inquire," said Hemingway, encouragingly.

"All right, then, I had."

"Just as a matter of interest, was Mr. Carter to put up the cash?"

"Considering we—I—never had the chance to tell him about it, I can't say. I thought he might be glad to have the chance to make a bit of money."

"And you and Mr. Jones were going to get a rake-off, I take it?"

"I'm not going to answer for Jones. Naturally, there would have been some sort of commission."

"My mistake!" apologised the inspector. "Seems to have been a fair pleasure to handle Mr. Carter."

White laughed. "Poor devil, he was anxious to make some money of his own, which he hadn't got to account for to that wife of his!"

"How did he account to her for the hundred pounds he lent you a couple of months ago?" asked the inspector. "I don't suppose he did. She made him an allowance. No reason for her ever to have found out about it if he hadn't been shot. I only wanted a loan to tide me over. Don't get any wrong idea into your head about that! I could sit down and write a cheque for the amount right now. I don't say it's convenient, but my bank will meet it all right."

He glanced up rather shamefacedly, and added: "If you want the truth, it's most inconvenient that Carter's dead! Of course, we weren't going to make a fortune out of that little deal, but anything's welcome in these hard times."

The inspector nodded. "Anyone but Jones and Carter know of this scheme of yours?"

"Well, of course not!" said White. Impatiently. "Who put you on to it, anyway?"

"I needn't worry you with that," said Hemingway. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out certain objects, which he laid on the desk before White.

"Now, if you could identify these, you might help me a lot," he said. "One lady's hair-clip, one broken nail-file, one small magnet, and one gent's pocket-knife in good condition. Seen any of them before?"

White took a moment to answer. "What's this? Starting an ironmongery business? Where did you find them?"

"In your shrubbery."

"I've never seen any of them before in my life."

"Funny. I thought for a moment you had," said the inspector blandly. "Well, I haven't." White flicked the hair-clip with a contemptuous finger. "Probably the maid's. I don't wear them myself. I don't amuse myself picking up needles with magnets either; and I've never used a nail-file in my life."

"What about the knife?" inquired the inspector.

"It might belong to anyone. I've seen dozens like it. I used to have one myself, if it comes to that. Anyone could have dropped it."

"No idea who, sir?"

"No, none at all," said White. "Well, that's very disappointing. Mind if I ask your son if he happens to know anything about it?"

"Good lord, you don't suppose my son had anything to do with Carter's death, do you? You're wasting your time!"

"Still, I don't know why you should object to my asking him if he's seen the knife before," said the inspector.

White got up. "Object! I don't care how you choose to waste your time. I'll call my son."

Alan, stridently summoned, lounged into the study a moment or two later. The inspector greeted him shortly

ALFRED



and held out the pocket-knife, asking: "Ever seen that before?"

Alan looked relieved, and took the knife. "Where did you find it?"

"Do you recognise it, sir?"

"Yes, it's mine. At least, I think it is. I lost one just like it only the other day, anyway."

"That doesn't prove it's yours," said White. "It's a common enough pattern."

Alan stared at him. "What's the mystery? Where was the thing found?"

"In the shrubbery," replied the inspector.

Alan put the knife down rather hastily. "Oh, I see! Well, what of it? I often go there, and I daresay it dropped out of my pocket."

"Exactly what I was thinking myself," said the inspector. "I wonder if you know anything about the rest of my little collection?"

"Did you find them all in the

shrubbery?" Alan asked, glancing at the desk. "No, I don't know whose they are. They certainly don't belong to me. What's that thing? A nail-file? Oh, well, it probably belonged to the last maid we had. She used to file her nails into points, and paint them red into the bargain."

"Yes, and that's very interesting to the inspector," said White, sarcastically. "If that's all you can tell him, you may as well make yourself scarce."

"Not on my account," said Hemingway. "I'm just off myself."

"Sorry I couldn't be of more assistance to you," said White, accompanying him out into the hall. "As for that other little affair—you'll keep it under your hat, won't you?"

The inspector said briefly that there was no need for him to worry about that, and left the house, a very thoughtful man.

To be continued

## Two generations have worn this fluffy Baby Shawl ..

*but you'd think it was new, thanks to VELVET*  
says AUNT JENNY

HERE'S ANOTHER REAL LIFE STORY YOU'LL ENJOY, LADIES.  
READ THE EXPERIENCES OF MRS. KINN, SPENCER STREET,  
ROSE BAY, N.S.W.



1. "I KNITTED THIS SHAWL MYSELF," Mrs. Kinn tells Aunt Jenny, "just before my fourth daughter was born almost 27 years ago. It has been used for three babies—my own daughter and her two little sons, Gary and Darryl. I really don't know what I'd do without those wonderful Velvet suds." Yes, though washed scores of times, this shawl's still soft and fluffy enough for another three babies!



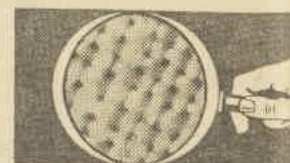
2. "ONLY THIS MORNING . . . I had this cloth on my breakfast table," continues Mrs. Kinn. "It's over 18 years old, and, believe me, with Velvet Soap in the laundry I'll get years more wear out of it. I've used it constantly since 1929—it's really wonderful the way that gentle soap keeps clothes and linens strong."



3. "FOR 11 YEARS I'VE WORN THIS PALLERINA. My eldest daughter knitted it for me when she was only six . . . it's just like the shawls which the old Russian peasant women wore when I was a girl. Thanks to regular washing with Velvet Soap, it's been used every winter for the past 11 years. I wear it sitting in front of the fire of an evening."



4. FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn-out because they've been hard rubbed. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave!



5. FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt is left behind!



TUNE IN EVERY MORNING MON. TO THURS "AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES"

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

Page 26

The Australian Women's Weekly—June 21, 1947





# MY JILL- A DUD!



What's wrong, Jill?  
Why don't you join in?

Can't be bothered  
I'm too tired.

Jill,  
you can't leave  
the table until  
you've eaten  
every scrap!

No use trying to  
force her, darling.  
She's not herself  
these days. I'd  
better see Dr. Carson  
to-morrow.

## AT THE DOCTOR'S

You see, Mrs. Dawson, in  
addition to all their running  
around in the day-time,  
children use up energy  
during sleep in breathing  
and other automatic actions,

SO-EVERY NIGHT  
BEFORE BED...

and children are growing  
all the time. Naturally,  
if this call on their  
energy reserve isn't  
built up they soon  
become listless, easily  
tired and inclined to  
lose weight. Put your  
girl onto **HORLICKS**.

Look at Jill!  
She's won again!



**Each glass of Horlicks\*  
before bed gives you...**

**PROTEIN**—essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities cannot be made good.

**FAT**—almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and of vitamins A and D.

**CARBOHYDRATE**—chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of particular value to young children.

**MINERAL SALTS**—to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

**CALCIUM**—of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and good teeth.

**VITAMINS A, B, B<sub>2</sub> and D**—each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.

*\* Made with milk.*



# HORLICKS

*The complete,  
BALANCED  
food drink*



CH72



LUCY thought for a moment. "It must be number 1-B-10, because Mr. Bolton said they were aisle seats in the tenth row. But, of course, Mother and I can't go now. Because that man has the other ticket in his hat."

"And doesn't know it, we hope. Whatever you do, don't tell anyone about that ticket in a hat."

Lucy promised. "Suppose the man finds it there?" she wondered. "Is there any possibility he might use it?"

The possibility, Ryan thought, was too remote to be considered. "Not one chance in a million he'd be that stupid. If he finds a ticket in his hat, he'll know he didn't put it there himself. So he'll be suspicious of it. He'll burn it to an ash."

Lucy could see that he was right. "But it's the only clue we have, isn't it—the ticket in a hat?"

The harsh voice of Ryan's assistant, Detective Downey, broke in. Downey had just cat-footed into the den. "You're dead right, miss. There ain't any fingerprints and there ain't nothin' missin'. There ain't any gun and there ain't even a motive. All we know about this guy is that he's walkin' the streets somewhere with a ticket in his hat."

It was after midnight when Ryan took Lucy home.

At the door of her flat he said earnestly: "Look, Miss Gurd, it's only one chance in a thousand—but still it's a chance. And we police can't overlook any chance, no matter how slim. So I guess I'll have to check up to see if that man occupies seat 1-B-10 at the show to-morrow night. I'll need you there, of course, to identify his hat and voice."

"I don't think," she demurred, "that I'd recognise either his hat or his voice."

"But if any man," Ryan hedged, "comes and sits down beside you, in seat 1-B-10 while you're in 2-B-10, you'll know it's the man we want. I'll be in the foyer. You can come back and tip me off."

Her eyes searched him. But she smiled and said, "If you think it's worth a try, I'll go."

"I'll pick you up at 7.30," Ryan said.

Ryan arrived punctually the following night, and on the way to the theatre Lucy learned that the murder investigation had not made any progress. No clues, no motive, no suspect. Ryan said, "So the Commissioner says, 'Find the hat, Ryan,' just like that! So I'm on a spot unless an usher escorts our man

down the aisle and seats him in 1-B-10. Which, as I said before, is only one chance in a thousand."

At the theatre he checked her evening wrap.

"All right, little Miss Muffet," he whispered. "If along comes a spider and sits down beside you, just come right back to the foyer and tell Billie Ryan."

She handed ticket 2-B-10 to the usher.

An usher led her down to the tenth row. Lucy took the second seat from the aisle. People were pouring in. Every seat was occupied except the one beside her. And that, of course, would stay vacant. The theatre couldn't sell the same seat twice for the same night. And, of course, there was only one chance in a million that the murderer, even if he found the ticket in his hat, would be indiscreet enough to use it.

Then the house darkened and the first act was on. Lucy tried to give attention, but most of her mind was still centred on that empty seat at her left.

The aisle seat remained unclaimed by the time Act II ended.

When lights came on Lucy looked at all the people moving out into the foyer for a cigarette, but decided to remain in her seat during the intermission. There was nothing to report to Ryan, and anyway there'd be plenty of time to talk with him after the show.

Then Lucy became aware of an usher who stood in the aisle and who was looking at the empty seat beside her.

His voice startled her. "Message for Mrs. Gurd," he announced. He means Miss Gurd, Lucy thought. She supposed that Ryan wanted to see her about something and so had sent a note down by an usher.

"I'm Miss Gurd," she said. "I'll take it."

The usher gave her the note and went back up the aisle.

Then Lucy saw that it was a sealed envelope of a messenger service and that it was addressed.

"Mrs. Julia Gurd, Seat 1-B-10, Grosvenor Theatre. To be delivered between acts Friday evening."

So it couldn't be from Ryan! All Ryan knew about her mother was that she wasn't here. Who, then, Lucy wondered, could have sent it? Could it be from the murderer himself? Had he found the ticket in his hat—sensed a trap? Was this a message of derision?

## The Killer Wore a Grey Hat

Continued from page 5

With nervous fingers she opened the envelope. The message was dated two days ago and signed Humphrey Bolton.

"Dear Julia:

"In our class at the University there was a man who later murdered his wife. He disappeared. This morning I came face to face with him at a hotel bar. At least I thought it was he, and instinctively I called him by name. He gave me a blank stare and said I was mistaken—he was someone else. I apologized. He was a hearty chap and we chatted awhile. He bought me a drink. All the while his face and his bluff speech kept reminding me of that old classmate. But I couldn't be sure after so many years. I saw the top third of a theatre ticket showing out of his vest pocket. It was for seat 1-B-9, Friday night, at the Grosvenor. After he left me I bought two nearby seats for the same show for you and Lucy. He's sitting right in front of you now, Julia. Look at him. If you, too, think he was our classmate I'll feel justified in reporting him to the police."

"HUMPHREY BOLTON."

Breathless, Lucy looked at the aisle seat in the row in front of her. It was unoccupied. Vaguely she remembered a man who'd been sitting there during the first two acts. There'd been no reason to scrutinise him. Her impression was that he was about Humphrey Bolton's age. He'd risen at the end of Act II and gone up the aisle. But he should return before Act III.

Why, Lucy wondered, hadn't Mr. Bolton phoned her mother instead of sending this timed message? Possibly it was because he knew Julia Gurd's character; she was timid, and of a disposition to shrink from all contact with sensations. If he asked

her beforehand to sit behind a murderer and identify him, she might be reluctant. So he had planned to get her here unwarned and then merely ask her to look at the man in front of her.

Had that man checked his hat at the foyer cloakroom? Being alone and informally dressed, he probably hadn't. He would be more likely to put it in the wire hat-rack under his seat. Lucy moved one seat to her left into 1-B-10. There she leaned forward and looked down into the vacant 1-B-9. It was turned up, to facilitate the egress of patrons.

This exposed the under side of the seat, and Lucy could see the hat was there. It was grey felt. Her hand darted down and she took it from the rack. A woman two seats away stared at her. Lucy was too tumultuously excited to mind a few stares. She inverted the hat in her lap and turned back the sweatband.

There, intact, was the ticket for seat 1-B-10.

Lucy had only one thought now. She must get the hat and the ticket to Billie Ryan. Clutching the hat to her she started up the aisle.

Before she had taken three steps she saw a man coming toward her down the aisle. He was the occupant of seat 1-B-9, and he was now returning to his place for Act III.

Lucy saw his eyes flicker. They were fixed on the hat. There was no hiding it. She had to pass him in that narrow aisle. If he were innocent, he'd snatch his hat from her and demand to know why she was making off with it. But he couldn't be innocent. He was the occupant of seat 1-B-9, and he had a ticket for 1-B-10 in the sweatband.

She met him halfway up the aisle. His elbow brushed her as he passed. Three steps more and she looked furtively back. The man had turned. His face was flushed and his eyes held a glint.

REVERSING his direction, he was following her to the aisle. She wanted to run. The aisle seemed miles long. The man didn't know, of course, about the ticket planted in his hat. But he did know that the hat had been handled by a girl witness at the scene of the crime. Therefore he could hardly fail to make some connection with a girl now making off with it.

Half expecting to be seized by the throat at every step, Lucy at last reached the foyer. Her eyes sought frantically for Ryan. He wasn't in sight. The pursuing man was only a step behind her. The very least he would do, she thought, would be to snatch the hat from her and run.

But he didn't. He strode by her without a glance and made beady for the street exit. Of course! His safest move would be to forsake the hat and escape bareheaded.

Then, with a surge of relief, Lucy saw Ryan. She pointed at the retreating man and waved the hat. It was all the cue Ryan needed. He made a dive, and his flying tackle carried both him and his objective to the street footpath and out of Lucy's sight.

When she got to the open doorway she saw Ryan pinning the man's arms while a policeman searched him for a gun.

Later, when Ryan rejoined Lucy in the foyer, she gave him the ticket for seat 1-B-10. Ryan, staring at it, was completely confused.

"But it's all in one piece!" he muttered broodingly. "If he went into the show on it he'd have only a stub. Come clean, Miss Houdini, where did you get it?"

Lucy gave him a superior smile. She had recovered her police bias. Best to let this rather interesting young man think for a while that she was smart. "I pulled it," she whispered mysteriously, "out of a hat."

(Copyright)

## I Give and Bequeath

Continued from page 7

"They've not waited long," she said. "Miss Dorothy's just come."

George and Ted were in the living-room. They stood staring gloomily at the fire.

"Where's Dorothy?" Elinor asked. "And Susan?"

"They're here," Ted told her. "They went to look at something or other in the bedroom."

"Well, shouldn't we start?" she said. "I don't know how long this sort of thing takes, but we're leaving at six-thirty to-night."

Prentis walked over to the bay window and stood looking out at the street.

"Show me the vases, Prentis," she said, her voice sharpening.

In the dining-room, away from George and Ted, she felt better, and when Prentis pointed out the pair of vases to her, she saw immediately that the color was right for their library.

"Why, they're nice," she said. "They'll do, of course. Isn't it funny I'd never noticed them?"

She took one down from the mantelshelf on which they stood, and was turning it round in her hands when Dorothy and Susan came in.

"Well, here you are!" Susan said. "We were beginning to wonder..."

She came up to Elinor. Her eyes, darting hurriedly over Elinor's dress and her hat, rested for an instant on the vase she was holding.

"Sweet, isn't it?" she asked. "They're a pair, you know. I've always been partial to them."

Elinor put the vase back on the mantelshelf. When she turned round again she and Prentis were alone in the dining-room.

"Ghouliah business, isn't it?" he said.

She walked quickly back to the living-room. Susan was at the desk, pulling the little drawers open.

"What would you do with it, though?" Ted was saying. "Where'd you put it?"

"In the children's room, of course." At the card table he had set up, George began to fumble through the pencils and pads he had there.

"I believe it might be a good idea

to get started with this," he said. "That is, if it's agreeable to everyone." He selected a pencil. "I shall list everything, of course, and in order to have everything perfectly fair, I think we should draw lots for the order in which we are to make our choices."

Please turn to page 33

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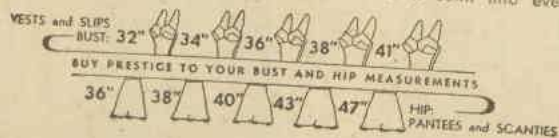


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F4701



F4702



F4703



# IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice.

Some war widows with young families have remarried, only to find that the stepfather, who formerly showed himself fond of the children of the first marriage, is resentful and jealous of their demands on his new wife's affections.

THIS conflict of emotions, if not wisely checked, might wreck the chances of happiness of the newly married couple, and permanently warp the relationship between children and step-parent.

The following letter outlines such a situation:

SIX months ago I married for the second time. While I was widowed, my present husband seemed genuinely fond of my children; understanding, kind, tolerant in all ways the man to take the place of their father, who was killed while serving with the R.A.A.F. I agreed to marry him only after serious thought.

Now the stepfather I have given my children appears to resent their existence and is irritated by their constant presence in the house. In sharing me with them he seems to feel a jealousy that he cannot disguise. Often when they come running to me, he looks hurt. Although outwardly polite, he gives the impression of having steeled himself against them.

The man who at heart is not really fond of children is the exception. I don't doubt that the affection your husband displayed to his children before you were married was real. What you must remember is that the first year of your marriage is the difficult one for

there is no reason why it should not be given in a private home. When most of those present have been invited to the wedding and will be sending a wedding present, it is not usual to make a presentation.

"OURS was a happy home for more than 26 years until new people came to live next door, and my husband began to have frequent conversations with the wife. He goes out of his way just to talk to her, and deceives me continually with childish excuses so that he can see her. In fact, he simply doesn't seem to be able to keep away, though he promised me he would. Yet apart from that he is a good husband, gives me most of his wages, and has always allowed me to buy what I want and go where I please."

What you have described sounds very like the sort of infatuation occasionally developed by middle-aged and otherwise exemplary husbands for some woman they have just met. Usually such infatuations do not last long.

Although it is natural for you to feel angry at this unbecoming behaviour, my advice to you is to remain calm and dignified. A wife of twenty years has little to fear from a passing infatuation.

"WHILE serving in Borneo, my husband lost a Maori good-luck charm that was given to me by an aunt, and which I had lent to him. I recently found out that it might be exceedingly valuable. I feel I betrayed a sacred trust in letting him have it. I find I am always upsetting him by complaining about his losing it, but just can't help myself."

You should be eternally grateful that your husband lost only a good-luck charm and not his life. By giving it to a man who was going

## When writing for advice on your problem...

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column. Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9. She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

to fight for his country and your protection and future security, you put the charm to better purpose than it had most likely ever served before. It is nonsense to say that you cannot help upsetting him about losing it. Of course you can; simply don't allow yourself the self-indulgence of mentioning the matter again.

"A MARRIED man in our office has been paying me considerable attention in a number of small ways. As his wife is very nice-looking and attractive, I could not help feeling rather flattered at the compliment. Recently he asked me to have dinner in town with him. I feel it is a feather in my cap to be singled out by this man, but have not yet agreed to go."

Any married man who asks a girl to go out with him is not paying her a compliment. By assuming that she would care to put herself in the position of going out with another woman's husband, he is actually insulting her, presupposing a cheapness of behaviour and lack of dignity that is anything but complimentary. You are an extremely foolish girl if you accept the invitation. If you think the matter over, you will feel angered and humiliated—not flattered.

"A NUMBER of people have warned me that as a bachelor I have a much better chance of getting on in business, as an unmarried man is always in demand, and promotions come quicker to the employee who does not have

domestic obligations. In the next five years I want to get on so that by the time I am 30 I will have established myself securely in my business. Do you think I am wise?"

Wives who exhaust their husbands by incessant quarrels and nagging, who won't make themselves pleasant to business associates, and interfere in office affairs are perhaps a hindrance to an ambitious young businessman. On the other hand, I can think of no greater help than a wife who is charming to the wives of older men, takes a constructive interest in her husband's work, and generally puts herself out to help him make a success of his career. Just choose the right sort of girl.

"THE suburb in which I live has a bridge club that is considered exclusive and select. Members meet once a week in the home of one of their number. I went along for the first time recently, and, arriving alone, was invited by the hostess to take off my hat. Wishing to be polite I did so, although I really didn't want to. Must a guest take off her hat when invited to do so by the hostess?"

By asking a guest if she would like to remove her hat, a hostess is simply being considerate. Some women like to be without a hat if they are settling down to an afternoon's bridge; others prefer to keep theirs on. It is courteous to suggest that a player may like to take hers off and leave it in the hostess' bedroom.

## WE'VE GOT THAT PERSIL DAZZLE!



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### Sis has it

Tess collects playtime grime like other kids collect foreign stamps. But Mum doesn't worry. She soon puts the Persil dazzle in that pert little print. Yes, Persil chases out school-and-play-ground-dirt quicker than a wink!



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## PERSIL DAZZLE!

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The Australian Women's Weekly — June 21, 1947

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Page 34



# DON'T LET THAT COLD GET A HOLD!



## TONIGHT!—off to bed with a piping hot drink and 2 or 3 'Aspro' tablets — *NIP THAT COLD IN THE BUD!*

At this time of the year, when there is so much cold and 'flu trouble about, it's sheer carelessness not to take action when you feel something is amiss. Sneezes, shiveriness, heavy-headedness, feverishness, aches, and pains are all signs that YOU might be the next\* to go down with a bout of 'flu or a severe cold. To-day — as for more than 25 years — the swift, safe and certain way to beat colds and 'flu is 'ASPRO'. If you feel a cold coming on take two or three 'ASPRO' tablets immediately and two tablets every two hours. Then, on going to bed, take two or three tablets with a hot lemon drink. That will reduce your temperature, soothe the aches and pains and help you to restful slumber while the anti-pyretic properties of 'ASPRO' exert a healthy skin action by promoting a mild perspiration. Nip that cold in the bud with 'ASPRO'.

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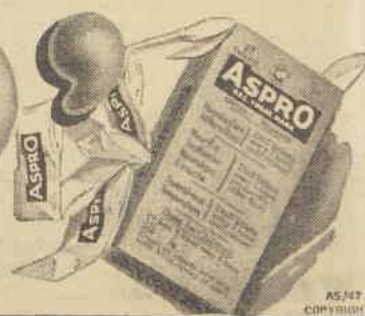
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E

# I Give and Bequeath

Continued from page 28

E

ELINOR sat in a chair near the window and watched George arrange four strips of paper on the table. Ted and Dorothy sat on either side of her. Prentis took one of the remaining strips, glanced at it, and shuffled it in his pocket.

"Very well, then," George said. "You're first, Dot."

She stopped at the bay window and ran her hand down the green curtains and said, "The curtains I think. I don't know where to use them, but you can't buy material like this now. And I might as well take the ones in the dining-room," she added. "They're practically the same."

"Just a minute now, Dot," George said. "I think that we should come to some understanding about how much one choice can include, don't you?"

"In my opinion, now—"

"I don't think she should take so much either," Susan put in. "It would never have occurred to me—"

"Why not?" Dorothy sat down beside George and lit a cigarette. "Don't be ridiculous. Just say if you want them yourself."

"The very idea," Susan bridled, her body moving and shifting a little in her chair. "I was just thinking of the rest of us."

"Perhaps I'd better take just one," Dorothy's voice was acid. "Would that suit you?"

"Well, I don't think anyone actually minds about the curtains," George said. "We don't want to have any disagreement, of course, but I just wanted to call it to your attention. Perhaps, however, we'd better go on," he finished.

"Then it's my choice," George continued. "I think I'd like the curtains out in the hall. Shearspeare and the other one."

"Both of them?" Dorothy inquired, but George, writing again, did not look up.

"And now Ted?" he said.

Ted and Susan, Elinor noticed, had been whispering to each other.

"We'll take those blue vases in the dining-room," he said.

"But those are the ones Prentis wanted," almost before she realised that she had spoken, Elinor heard the sharp mockery of Dorothy's laugh. A jet of anger spurted up in her.

"I mean you must have seen us looking at them," she said. "You came up to me when I had one in my hands. Just now—in the dining-room."

"Well, I'm sorry," Susan smiled, her voice purring a little. "I did see you, of course, but that doesn't mean I can't like the vases, too. As long as I've been coming to this house I've admired them."

"For the last fifteen minutes, anyway," Prentis said. His voice was light, deliberately casual.

"That's insulting," The blood swept up in Susan's neck.

"Well, where are those vases you're quibbling about?" Dorothy asked. "I haven't even seen them."

"Oh, skip it. I apologise, Susan," But Elinor, anger still tingling through her, leaned towards him. She put her mouth close to Prentis' ear and her voice dropped to a whisper.

"They want the desk," she said.

He turned and looked at her. His face remained quite immobile and she could not be certain that he had understood her.

"Prentis," George said, "you're next, I believe."

Prentis stared down at his shoes, then said, "We've always been fond of the desk," he said. "I think we'll take it."

Susan sucked in her breath with an audible gasp.

"Honestly," she began. "Honestly, Ted, I do think that's the limit. I've always wanted that desk."

George cleared his throat and suggested that since everyone had had a choice they start again with Dorothy.

"Things went better for a while—faster, at least—though the air of tension, of watchfulness, did not

seem to diminish. Now and then there were interruptions, but they were taken care of amiably enough until it was Dorothy's turn again.

"I'll take the sheets," she said. "I'm low on sheets."

Susan's voice leaped into the little wash of silence.

"Well, who isn't low on sheets now?" she demanded. "Look at us, we have three beds to keep going and you just can't buy a sheet."

"Now, hold on a minute, Susan," George tapped his fingers on the edge of the card table. "I was going to suggest that, with a thing like sheets, we make an equal division among us all. That, in my opinion, is the only fair thing to do."

"How many are there, Dot?"

"How should I know? Did you think I was back there counting them?"

George rose. "Let's not carry this any further," he said. "I'll just call Emma. Perhaps she'll know how many sheets there are."

Emma did know.

"There are twenty-eight," she said. "Some of them not even used yet, either. Twelve of them have crocheted edges and the rest are plain."

"Well, that makes it easy enough," George said. "That makes seven apiece. And, if it's agreeable to everyone, I'll take the plain ones."

"We'll take the plain ones, too," Prentis said.

Dorothy jumped up, jarring the table until it teetered a little and spilled some of George's papers.

"Who mentioned the sheets, anyway?" she said, her voice rising. "Am I supposed to sit here and just take what's left?"

"But you got seven, even this way," Elinor said. She looked up and, seeing that Emma was still standing in the doorway, she paused.

Emma did not seem to be aware of them, nor to be listening to what any of them were saying.

"There's tea," she said, speaking to no one in particular. "Would you like your tea now?"

They were silent during tea, or for the most part they were silent. George questioned Prentis a little about his business, and Prentis answered briefly, but they stopped when Emma came back into the room, and sat in silence watching her gather up the tea things.

"I suppose you must hate to see this house broken up, Emma," Prentis said suddenly. "It must seem pretty much like home to you."

"Why, yes," she said. "It's twenty-three years this month since I came here."

"Look here, Emma."

This was George, and when Emma heard him speak, she took a step or two towards the card table and stood still.

"A thought just occurred to me," he said. "How would you like to have something out of the house? A good many things, of course, have already been chosen, but there might be something you'd want for yourself."

"Why, thank you, Mr. George," She folded her hands in front of her. "That's very nice of you—very generous."

"Not at all." His voice expanded. "Want to choose now, do you? Or would you like to think it over a bit?"

"No. Oh, no," she said. "I don't need to think it over."

"Well . . ." His eyes slid down to the papers on the table. "What is it you had in mind?"

"I'll get it," Emma said. "I won't take but a minute. And I shall enjoy having it—that is, if no one else wants it."

When she had gone Dorothy leaned towards George, her voice making a furious whisper in the room.

"Why didn't you ask what we thought about it," she said, "before you offered her anything?"

"I agree with Dot," Susan said. "Emma could have waited. It isn't as though she weren't well provided for. And there are still some things we might want. There's the cabinet in the back room, for instance."

"Did you or did you not hear her say she was going out to get it?" Prentis asked. "Do you think she's going to carry the cabinet in here?"

But Emma, when she reappeared, was not carrying anything. And what had happened, Elinor wondered. Had she been unable to find whatever it was she'd gone to get? And then Emma spread out her fingers, and Elinor saw the light catch the glimmer of the thimble she was wearing.

"It's Mrs. Crane's thimble," she said. "She had two of them—this one, and a little gold one set with some kind of stones. I thought it likely some of you had already spoken for that."

George, his face flushed a bit, consulted his list.

"Let's see here," he said. "No . . . no, I don't believe anyone's taken the gold thimble, if you'd prefer that."

"But I wouldn't—I would have taken this one anyway. It's the one I wanted."

Emma looked towards the window. She held herself erect and, as she spoke, she began to shake her head a little from side to side.

"This is the one she used," she said. "She'd sit there in the bay window sewing. She was fond of the window and of the view of the street she got. And she'd call and ask me to come and sit there with her. Sometimes we'd talk and sometimes we'd just sit there. Companionable like, you know. I'd bring my sewing, too."

She looked down at the thimble, and ran her thumb across its small, glittering surface.

"And this is the thimble she always wore," she said. "That's why I wanted it . . . I'd like to keep it by me . . . I don't know as I'll use it. I'm used to the one I've got . . . But I'd just like to keep it by me."

She gathered up the last of the tea things and put them on the tray. With the tray held out in front of her and her hand, still wearing the thimble, curved round its edge, she went off through the dining-room.

And now the room was silent, deeply, uncomfortably silent.

It was Prentis, finally, who broke the silence. Getting to his feet, he motioned to Elinor.

"I think we'd better go," he said. "We'll go back to the hotel. We'll see you later."

He went into the hall, and, finding Elinor's coat, held it for her, his back to the living-room so that he did not see Susan coming toward them.

"About the vases," she said. She stepped uncertainly into the hall. "Ted and I don't mind, really. You can have them. I meant to tell you a while ago."

Prentis opened the door and a rush of clean, chill air swept into the hall.

"But didn't you want the vases?" Elinor asked. "I thought you said that you—"

Before she had finished speaking, however, Prentis had pushed her out on to the steps and closed the door behind them.

"You were awfully rude, you know," she said as they went down the steps. "Leaving like that . . . And then with Susan, when she was really just trying to be nice."

He did not answer her. In silence they walked down the street to the corner, where Prentis hailed a taxi. But before they had gone half a block he tapped the driver on the shoulder and told him to pull over to the kerb.

"Wait here," he said. "I forgot something."

When Prentis returned and they had started again she moved her chin against her collar until she was looking at his profile, sharply outlined against the cub's window.

"How were they?" she asked, keeping her voice light. "Still wrangling?"

"I don't know," he said. "I didn't see them. I went in the back way."

"Oh?"

"I went back to say good-bye to Emma . . . I had some kind of notion I'd give her the things we got this afternoon. And then I couldn't. I saw, of course, that she'd think we didn't want them . . . And so I just said good-bye and came off again."

He leaned back in the cab. For an instant a street light illumined his face. He looks tired, she thought suddenly. And she leaned over and put her hand on his arm.

ELINOR said: "I'm sorry, Prentis. I didn't actually care about any of the things. I don't know what made me act as though I did. It was just the way it got started. They were all so grasping. Right from the first there was something greedy about them . . ." She shook his arm. "Are you listening, Prentis?"

He moved a little, dislodging her hand.

"I was listening," he said. "And, as to what I was thinking—well, for one thing, I was thinking of your choice of pronouns. Why should you say 'they'? And, for another, if you're really interested, I was thinking that I'd never looked at a thimble before. For so small a thing it's quite remarkable—isn't it?—that, suddenly, it can make everybody in the room—you and me and everybody else—look small in comparison to it."

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM







● "Order in the court!" His Honor Judge Merino approves record number of merinos (319) entered.



● Stocky Southdown might be a little guy, but he stands for perfect mutton and first-grade fat lambs.

● Don't be frightened. This Dorset Horn is just mutton chops and cardigans in disguise.

## Do you know your sheep?

Photogenic types on this page were discovered by staff photographer Jack Hickson after an exhausting hour at Sydney's 48th stud sheep show.

Coaxing some of the 2200 rams into camera mood in order to do full justice to "that sheepish look" taxed even his phenomenal patience. It all called for plenty of paper-waving, tin-rattling, and, as a last resort, peculiar and totally ineffective baaaing noises.

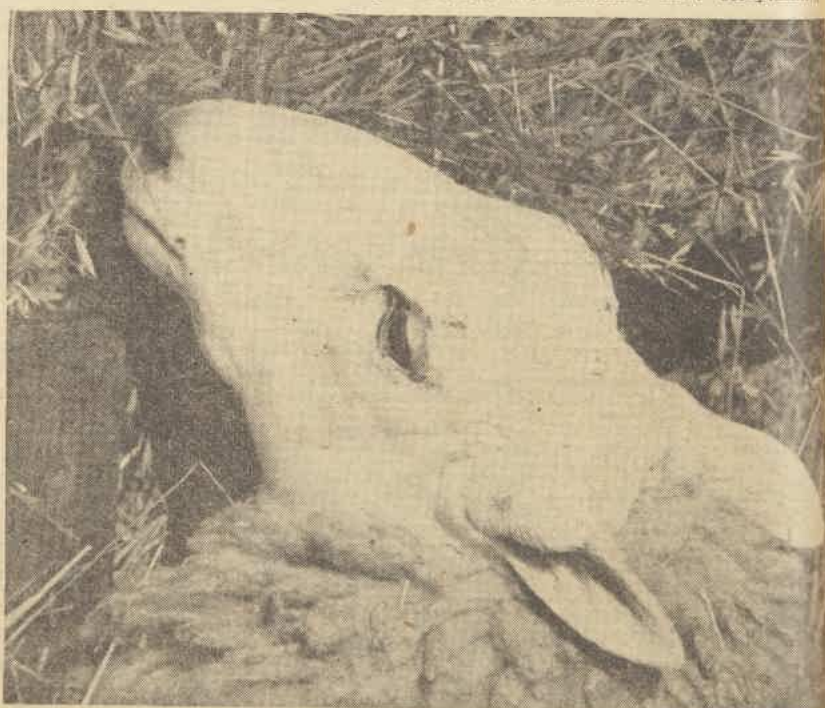
Jack's current hate—sheepskin rugs.



● Haircut for a Romney Marsh might be a barber's nightmare, but this customer isn't complaining.



● "What's he baaing about? There's 154 of us Corriedales here, and we're a very popular dual-purpose Australasian breed."



● "I'm no bunny, mister! That's the aquiline nose of a Border Leicester you're looking at, a fine British long-wool breed. I'm stretching up for a tasty mouthful."





MODEL of the giant hangar, which will be longer than the liner, Queen Mary and will house three Brabazon aircraft in its three bays. A model of Brabazon I can be seen in the opening of one of the bays.

# Brabazon I is largest land plane ever built

Whole village demolished for its hangars and for workers' housing

From BETTY NESBIT in London

The whole village of Charlton, near Bristol, England, has been wiped out for the building of Brabazon I, the largest land plane ever made.

In place of the villagers' farms, the local pub, "The Carpenters Arms," and the Methodist Chapel, workmen are now erecting a three-bay hangar longer than the giant liner Queen Mary, a 2750-yards runway, brick cottages for workers and evicted villagers, canteens, and administrative buildings.

JUST as the stout little wooden ships built in Bristol centuries ago sailed the seven seas to build Britain's sea trade, so the giant shining metal airliner, it is hoped, will make Britain a leading country in aerial development and trading.

As first presswoman to have a private showing of the Brab, I was taken into every corner of the enormous body, and up into scaffolding to get the best view of her as she lies in the stocks specially built for her construction.

Type 167, the aeroplane's official name, as it is the 167th design to be put out by the Bristol Aeroplane Company, is familiarly called Brab after Lord Brabazon.

He headed the special committee which decided the various types of civil airliners which British companies should build after the war.

Brab I is the first of four, but it is only the experimental or prototype plane.

The luxury accommodation will not be built into it, but it will be used as the model for three other Brabazons that are planned.

The outer wings cannot be put on to the Brab I until it is in the new hangar, because the present and temporary one is too small to accommodate the immense span of wings—230 feet—almost twice that of Britain's biggest bomber, the Avro Lincoln.

If the plane could be landed on 100-feet-wide Sydney Harbor Bridge,

facing north or south, its wings would jut out 35 feet on either side, and if landed facing east or west its 177 feet length would overhang the bridge 8 feet 6 inches either side.

One hundred and twenty passengers and a crew of 13 will be accommodated in the Brabazons, and there will be 80 sleeper berths.

There will be a cinema and radio, cocktail bar, restaurant, and a small library.

The Brabazon will cruise at 35,000 feet at a speed of 350 m.p.h. That is the estimated speed of Brab II. The first Brab will have a speed of 250 at 25,000 feet.

Apart from its breathtaking size of 126 tons, which is large even in these days of large aircraft, the Brab I contains many revolutionary ideas in aircraft construction.

It is the first eight-engine passenger plane to be built, and they will be "buried" engines, that is, placed inside the wings.

Engineers will be able to go into the wing and service them while the plane is in the air.

It will also have a wind detector, a piece of metal like the antenna of an insect, which stretches out some feet from the plane's nose, to measure the force of gusts of wind.

This antenna indicates the force of the wind by electrical impulses to a machine which delicately adjusts the position of the wings to meet the gust.

It is estimated that 30,000 square feet of sheet metal will be used to cover fuselage and wings, and the completed plane will contain more

than one and a half million rivets, which is a lot of rivets in anyone's language.

There isn't a thing left to chance, not even the effect of a bird dashing itself against the windscreen, sometimes a cause of serious accidents.

In an experimental section of the factory the strength of windcreens is tested by hurling a dead 4lb. bird at the glass.

The bird is attached to the end of a small machine which turns at the exact speed at which the airliner will fly. At a precise moment the bird is released and goes hurtling into the glass, which, if at the right strength, remains unbroken.

Interior decoration of the Brabazons is being designed by one of England's foremost industrial designers, Mr. Richard Lonsdale-Hands.

He has recently gone to Bermuda, where he will spend two months, during which he will fly 20,000 miles to get information on how different types of materials and furniture stand up to aerial conditions.

Last year he did the interiors for BOAC's airliner, Tudor II.

The men building the Brab, from the laborer bending the sheets of metal for her gleaming fuselage and wings to the men who designed her, feel that it is more than an aeroplane they are working on. It is a great and ambitious project.

I met the three men who have the most to do with building Brab I—the man who designed her, the man who is building her, and the man who will fly her for the first time.

All three are in their early forties.

A. E. Russell, chief designer for the Bristol Aeroplane Company, is a boyish sort of person.

When I asked him if he was pleased with the Brab, he said, "Immensely."

"Satisfied?" I then asked.

"Goodness, no. If I was ever satisfied I'd give up designing aeroplanes and stick to fishing."

"As soon as I've finished one plane I can't wait to start on the next to put everything I've learnt from the last design into a new one."

Although they're just building



AT WORK inside the huge plane. Maximum diameter of the fuselage is 16½ feet, and the cabin is 14½ feet long.

Brab I and starting Brab II, he is planning Brab IV.

There are 500 men and women employed in the drawing section of the company, and his department prepared 12,000 separate drawings for this plane's construction.

In an austere white-washed office inside the temporary hangar, where conversation is liable to be punctuated with the noisy burr of riveting, I talked to Mr. Arnold Latham, chief production engineer for the Brab I.

His two main topics of conversation are the airliner and Australia, where he spent nearly five years, from July, 1939, to the end of 1944.

He was sent to Australia to supervise the construction of the first Beauforts and Beaufighters.

Mr. Latham's only regret is that the Brab, isn't being built in Australia.

"I'd have everything I could want, then," he said. "Australia's a wonderful country, and my family and I loved living there. We're always talking about going back."

One of the children, Sally, was born in Melbourne. They call her their "Empire product." The other two, Arthur and Eleanor, both had their first schooldays in Melbourne.

Besides a genuine affection for Australia, Mr. Latham also has a high regard for Australian workmen, both for their skill and the intense interest they take in their job.

"It was amazing how quickly and expertly planes were produced in Australia, although production was absolutely from scratch," he told me. "I enjoyed working with Australians in the war and I wouldn't mind having some of them working on the Brab with me now."

Chief test pilot of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, Arthur John Pegg, Bill to his pals, will be at the controls when the Brab tries out her wings late this year.

It will be a tense moment for everyone—designer, builder, and, particularly, for Bill Pegg.

First he will taxi the plane up and down the runway to get the feel of her controls.

Then he will take off, halfway down the runway. But he will lift the plane only a short height from the ground and come down immediately on the huge runway.

This is one reason why the runway has been made so long. It allows the pilot the length of half the runway in which to bring the plane to a standstill after the first experimental rise.

On this first flight there will be only a few men on board, an assistant pilot, a wireless operator, and five or six men stationed at various parts of the plane to make photographic recordings of the vibrations caused by the movement of the plane's giant body.

Although Bill Pegg has test flown hundreds of planes in his flying life, which amounts to 4300 hours, this is the most important assignment of his life and one for which he is preparing already.

He hopes he will fly the Brab for the first time in the evening, a test pilot's favorite flying time, and he will observe their only supersonic, not to wave from the cockpit as he takes off.

You wouldn't want to take any chances with the biggest plane in the world.



DESIGNER of the Brabazon, A. E. Russell (right), and Chief Production Engineer Arnold Latham, study their plans.



CHIEF TEST PILOT Bill Pegg, who will fly the Brab I.



# U.S. women demand mature types for screen lovers

By cable from our correspondent in Hollywood

Five hundred and fifteen women members of a San Francisco organisation called Senior League recently selected rugged, greying Charles Bickford as the adult theatrogoer's answer to the bobby-sox idol, Van Johnson.

In letters addressed to heads of various studios, members of the League, most of whom are over 40 years of age, cited Bickford as "the ideal example of the type of man mature women of the nation prefer to see on the screen."

HOLLYWOOD gave too much emphasis, they claimed, to tastes peculiar to teen-age groups, while older people, who comprise the larger part of movie audiences, were sadly neglected.

"Too many films these days seem to be about flash personalities and young love," one woman wrote. "Our Senior League would remind you that older people can be in love, too."

Mature, sandy-haired Bickford, who is tough, violent, but seldom victorious with ladies on the screen, was the unanimous choice of these San Francisco matrons.

Their society demanded that Bickford and others of his age group be given a chance to make film love to actresses such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, and Greer Garson.

Said the matrons: "We believe Charles Bickford rates tops as the leading screen exponent of sex appeal to grown-up women."

Next in order they rated Walter Pidgeon, Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, and Spencer Tracy.

An added reason for Bickford's popularity is that he is not only magnetic and manly, but also credible, and this is important to those who no longer believe that

Young Lochinvar may come out of the West on a milk-white steed.

The letters conclude with a warning to studio heads.

The Senior League intends to inaugurate an active campaign to all up sister groups all over the country if, Hollywood fails to provide entertainment for ladies "frankly over forty."

As a result of this outburst, hastened to visit Bickford on the set of RKO's "Woman on the Beach," where he is co-starring with Joan Bennett and Robert Ryan.

He plays the part of a blind painter married to Joan, and he once manages to keep her right to the end of the film.

Six foot one and a half, with blue eyes, and a New England dry humor, Bickford has a straight-faced type of ribbing that has deceived many.

When a gossip writer asked him if he had any hot tips for the column, Bickford looked at her meaningfully. "Well, Garbo and I..."

he began, intending to finish the sentence with the fact that they were having a business luncheon the next day.

But the writer had hurried away. Next day he found his name linked romantically with that of Garbo.

Bickford began acting through a strange circumstance as can be imagined.

Once when in San Francisco on a business trip a burlesque producer approached and invited him to join the company. That was the beginning of his stage career.

He acted in stage shows for 12 years, went to Broadway, and finally to Hollywood, where he has played an assortment of roles.

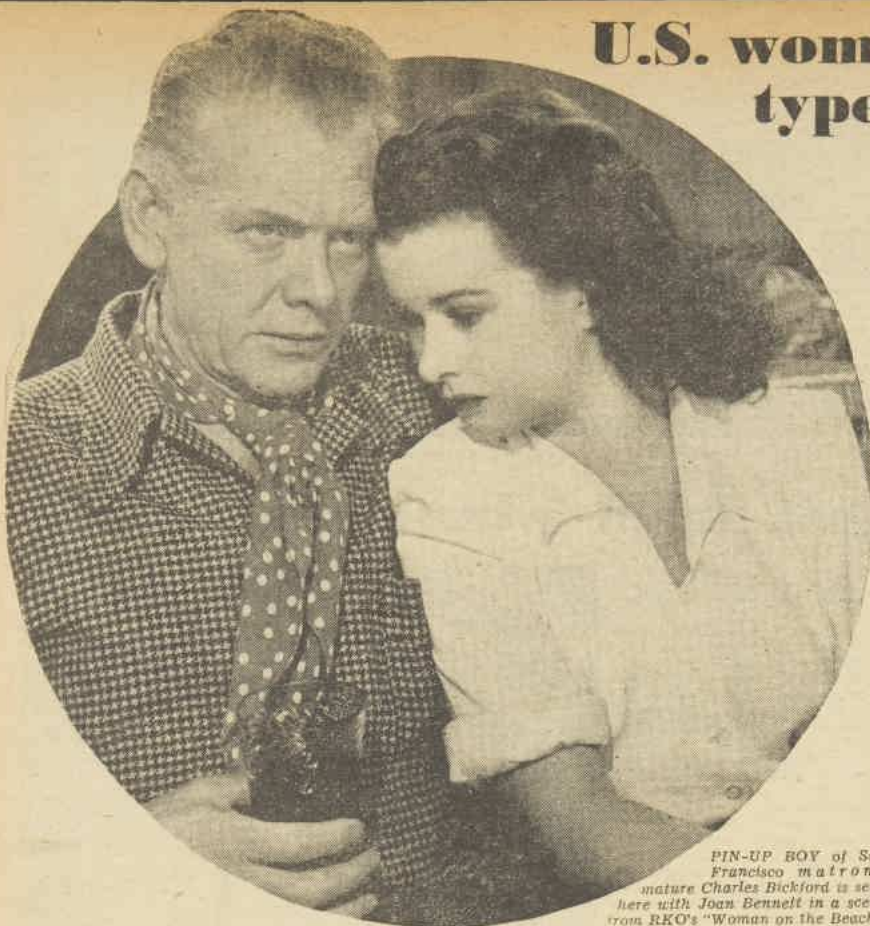
In "The Song of Bernadette" he was a priest, in "Duel in the Sun" a doctor to Jennifer Jones, and in "The Farmer's Daughter" he played Clancy, the wisecracking butler.

Married since 1919, and with two grown children, Bickford said he was very flattered by the matrons' stand, but also a little scared.

"I have seen bobby-soxers in action, and they giggle and ask for autographs," Bickford explained. "Matrons, on the other hand, are more dangerous. They want conversation, and are never content with just autographs."

"After this I feel my theme song should be 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.'"

Needless to say, everyone on the set, including Joan Bennett, Robert Ryan, and director Jean Renelt, spent the entire day ribbing good-natured, embarrassed Bickford.



PIN-UP BOY of San Francisco matrons, mature Charles Bickford is seen here with Joan Bennett in a scene from RKO's "Woman on the Beach."

## Film Reviews

### ★★★ THE OTHER LOVE

THIS is the third film made by new Enterprise Productions, and apart from fine acting by Barbara Stanwyck, David Niven, and Richard Conte, it is interesting because it is one of those rare attempts by Hollywood at a completely tragic love drama.

Director Andre de Toth has used tact and intelligence in his handling of the plot, which is set almost entirely in a sanitarium. Against a "Camille" type of background, dangerously ill concert pianist Karen (Stanwyck) decides to make the most of her last few hours of life, in spite of her love for handsome doctor David Niven.

She trips off to Monte Carlo with dashing Richard Conte, gets worse in health, and is married to Niven. For once there is no happy ending. Photography and supporting cast are excellent. — Liberty showing.

### ★★★ QUIET WEEK-END

THIS is the sort of film which could come only from a British studio, and it is grand humorous entertainment.

Released by BEF and adapted from the successful stage play by Esther McCracken, it has a first-class script, admirable direction by Harold French, in addition to the combined efforts of a splendid cast.

Charming little Barbara White is cast as a young, hero-worshipping ingenue. She manages to hold her own well in scenes with Derek Farr, whose performance is flawless. Production is excellent. — Lyceum showing.

### ★★★ IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN

THIS MGM musical has the usual assortment of top-rank names, Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Peter Lawford, and Jimmy Durante, and the usual frothy, entertaining plot. Only difference between it and other MGM musicals is the absence of technicolor.

Sinatra is cast as a lonely G.I. in London, who makes friends with young English nobleman Lawford.

They meet again back in Brooklyn, with love interest in the form of museteer Kathryn Grayson, and comedy provided by Janitor Durante.

There are six new tunes by Cahn and Styne, all pleasant, with "The Song's Gotta Come From the Heart" a perfect medium for Durante. — St. James showing.

### ★★ NOTORIOUS

MASTERLY touch of producer-director Alfred Hitchcock is well evident in this suspense-filled espionage tale, the only fault of which is that it comes at a time when Nazi spy groups, secret agents, and uranium deposits for use in atomic bombs have lost much of their thrill value.

Acting by Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains is superb and production is outstanding. Story opens in the spring of 1945, with Bergman, daughter of a convicted German spy, becoming an American agent through her love for fellow agent Grant. Her assignment is to pretend love for Rains, head of the Nazi group in Brazil, and she goes as far as to marry him.

Suspense is well sustained in scenes where Rains and his mother discover she is a spy, and set about poisoning her. — Regent showing.

### MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES

IN a family like the Penroses, with mother Spring Byington acting eccentrically, elder brother Peter Lawford in the throes of love's young dream, and nine-year-old "Butch" Jenkins charming animals with naive phrases, anything can happen.

No wonder then that they attract misunderstandings and trouble. Including the arrival of horse-track-minded gambler Charles Ruggles and others of his kind. There is also a crazy boarder who thinks he is an inventor, and a couple of rich horse-owners. All are anxious to learn what the racehorses replied to conversational gambits of freckle-faced "Butch." Had they been cynical horses they could have said a mouthful. — Capitol showing.

## Trio who will make "Eureka Stockade"

Christened "The Three Musketeers" by their fellow-passengers on the Corinthic, because of their comradeship, film director Harry Watt, associate producer Leslie Norman, and author-playwright Walter Greenwood were hard at work within a few hours of their arrival in Sydney.

THEY plan to have "Eureka Stockade" before the cameras "somewhere in the Hunter River district" in September, and hope to finish it early next year.

Although they have weeks of solid work ahead and Harry Watt has announced that they want to be "left alone to get on with things," "The Musketeers" are obviously enjoying Australia and their work.

Slim, sandy-haired, blue-eyed Walter Greenwood is enthusiastic about Sydney's "perfect high summer" and Australia's "superlatively beautiful women."

The "high summer" is, of course, Sydney's midwinter, but Walter describes it as "pretty good."

On the question of the beauty of Australian women Walter is supported by Leslie Norman.

Both think the women they have seen in Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney are the most attractive in the world.

During their limited leisure hours "The Musketeers" continue a discussion which got under way during their voyage to Australia.

It revolves around the provocative contention that "complete dependence of one upon the other militates against a happy marriage." Walter Greenwood and Harry Watt support the contention and Leslie Norman opposes it.

The discussion first arose from a novel on which Walter is working.

Titled "So Brief the Spring," the novel has for its theme what the author describes as "the conflict in a mature man's mind about the possessiveness of women."

Harry Watt and Leslie Norman, both enthusiastic "happily-marrieds," refer to Walter, who is not married, as the "Beau Brummel of this trio."

Walter first made the headlines in England with his novel "Love On the Dole," written when he was actually living on the dole.

He rewrote it as a play, and the London production starred Wendy Hiller and Ronald Gow, who married during the play's run.

Another of his plays, "Cure For Love," which starred Robert Donat, ran for two and a half years at the Westminster Theatre, London, and is now playing in the provinces.

Leslie Norman served as a major with the 14th Army in Burma, and was discharged after six years' service to edit "The Overlanders" before its London release.

Just before he left England he produced "Frieda" for Ealing.



THREE MEN IN A JEEP. Associate producer Leslie Norman (left), director Harry Watt, and author-playwright Walter Greenwood seen Sydney before starting work on "Eureka Stockade."

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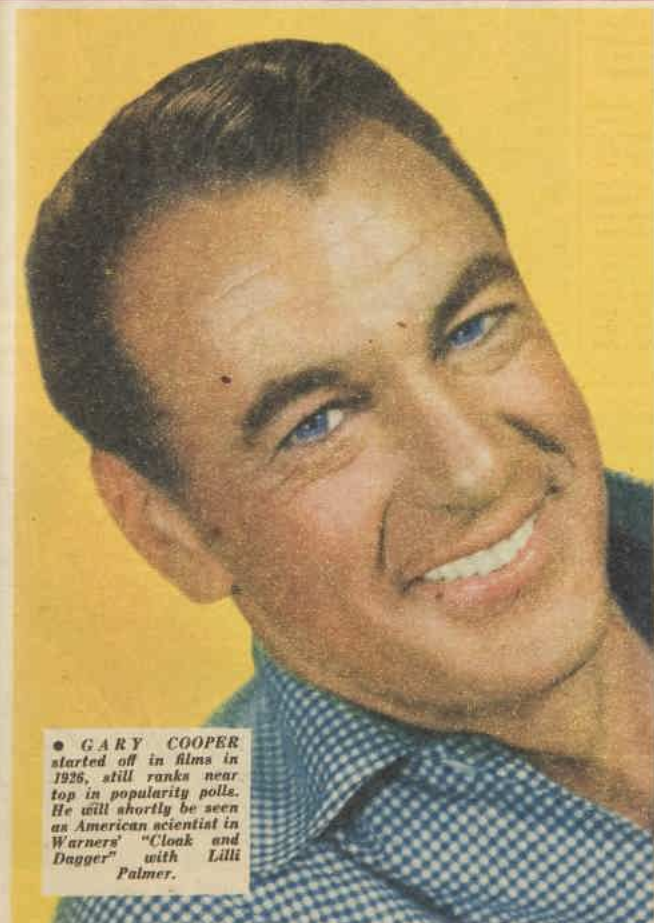
## Top-ranking stars



• MARIA MONTEZ became overnight success in sultry, decorative roles, but also proved she can act. She will be seen in Universal's "Pirates of Monterey."



• ALAN LADD'S popularity has increased with each "tough" role he has played. New leading lady is Dorothy Lamour in Paramount's "The Big Haircut."



• GARY COOPER started off in films in 1926, still ranks near top in popularity polls. He will shortly be seen as American scientist in Warners' "Cloak and Dagger" with Lilli Palmer.



• BARBARA STANWYCK'S acting ability has made her one of highest-paid stars. Her next film for Warners is "The Two Mrs. Carrrolls," opposite Humphrey Bogart.



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Relieves Pain



**1 ARRIVAL** of farm hand Nath (McCallister) to work on farm is welcomed by Pete's sister Ellen (Anderson) and adopted daughter Meg (Roberts). Only person dissatisfied is Pete (Robinson).



**2 VILLAGE BEAUTY** Tibby (London) intrigues Nath. He boasts to her he plans to explore Oxhead woods, although Pete has sternly forbidden it.



**3 ADOPTED DAUGHTER** Meg encourages Nath to solve mystery of the red house hidden in woods, and trio set out one afternoon. Nath tells them of strange voice like Pete's he heard in the woods.



**4 FURIOUS** outburst is made by Pete when he learns they have been to the woods. He orders woodsman Teller (Calhoun) to fire at any trespassers.

## THE RED HOUSE

### Robinson returns to sinister roles

THIS United Artists film marks Edward G. Robinson's return to the screen in straight "villain" roles, following on his decision not to play any more parts in which he is cast as a meek, inoffensive character.

In "The Red House" he plays the morbid bachelor farmer Pete Morgan, continually reliving the murder he committed through insane jealousy.

Cast opposite him is Australian dramatic actress Judith Anderson, who gives a vivid performance as Pete's housekeeper sister Ellen.

Lon McCallister and newcomers Julie London, Allene Robert, and Rory Calhoun give support as the younger generation, who help to reveal the mystery surrounding the red house.



**5 UNDAUNTED**, Meg goes alone to woods, and finds red house. Panic-stricken, she runs away, breaking her leg.



**6 BROODING** at the farm, Pete discovers Ellen knows he killed Meg's mother at the red house through jealousy.



**7 CONCERNED** at Pete's mental deterioration, Ellen decides to burn red house and all its secrets. She is shot in chest by Teller on Pete's orders, and Nath and Meg find her in the woods, dying.



**8 TRICK** is used by insanely jealous Pete to lure Meg to red house and kill her as he killed mother. Sheriff arrives in time, but Pete leaps to death.



## Business girl...

● For everyday wear in an office the wool shirt frock on the right is ideal, and has the authentic 1947 look. Three-quarter loose sleeves, roll collar, with low V neckline and a full skirt made with all-around unpressed box pleats are its new features.

● Soft blue-grey woollen material is used in the frock below, featuring a modified version of the side drape. The neck is cut into an unusual line easy to dress up with costume jewellery when going out straight from the office.



● The elaborate draped line is adapted for everyday wear in the sweater top on the right in the new orange color, which looks smart over odd skirts of black, brown, beige, or grey.

● An all-occasions dress is shown above in brown wool crepe with a buttoned-over front, highish square neck and a neat draped ruffle caught up on one hip. With costume jewellery and a small veiled hat it is perfect for after-office dates.





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especially in the bath, Cuticura  
Soap makes the skin delightfully  
smooth and charming. Cuticura  
Soap has antiseptic proper-  
ties which remove all trace  
of roughness and soreness.  
One of the famous trio—  
Cuticura Soap, Oint-  
ment, Talcum  
Powder.



**Cuticura  
SOAP**

## ASTHMA CURBED QUICKLY

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your  
system, ruin your health, and weaken  
your constitution. Mendaco, the prescrip-  
tion of an American physician, starts re-  
lieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds  
new vigour as that you can sleep soundly  
all night, eat anything, and enjoy life.  
Mendaco is so successful that it is guar-  
anteed to give you free, easy breathing  
in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or  
money back on return of empty package.  
Get Mendaco from your chemist. The  
guarantee protects you.

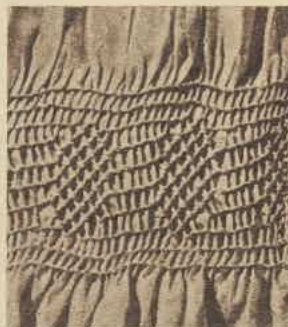
**Mendaco**

For Asthma . . . Now 6/- & 12/-



ADORABLE is Faith Lynne-Smith, of Little Mallop Street, Geelong,  
Vic., in her lavishly smocked frock. The full Gibson sleeves are also  
finished with a narrow band of smocking.

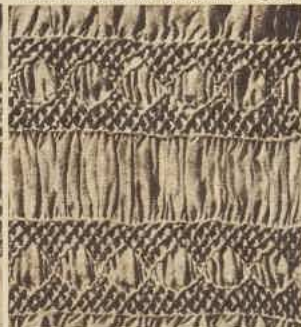
## Smocking designs



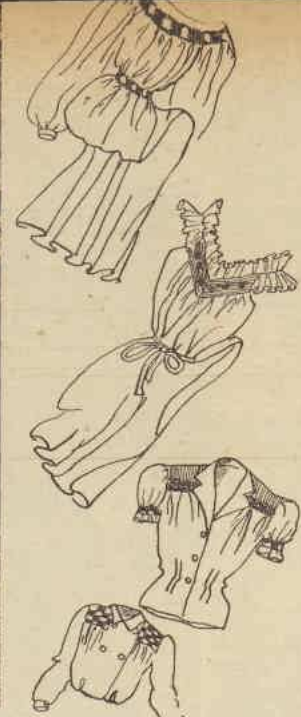
THIS is one of the most popular  
designs used in smocking. Honey-  
comb motif is most effective. See  
sketch of sleeveless nightgown.



THE FRENCH call this the Quad-  
rille design. This is used to decor-  
ate shoulders of blouse shown in  
sketch, lovely for wee dresses.



SIMULATING INSERTION. This  
smocking design gives a classic  
touch to little dresses, blouses, or  
lovely lingerie. Why not use it?



PARIS is using smocking as a rich  
and lovely garnish for fine lingerie  
and blouses, and practically all  
dresses for small people carry  
smocked yokes. Sketches above of  
French blouses and nightgowns  
show versatility in smocking-stitch  
and indicate its decorative effect.

## NEW HOPE FOR MIGRAINE

By MEDICO

All names used in this article are fictitious

HELEN HUNTER had  
another of her  
"heads." "What  
have I done to de-  
serve this pain?" she asked.

"I've had my eyes examined,  
my teeth X-rayed, my tonsils  
removed, but about every  
second week this headache  
still comes on and makes my  
life a misery while it lasts. I  
get a bilious attack, too, before  
it leaves me. What could cause  
these awful heads?"

"We have known for a long time  
that migraine was an allergy, like  
asthma and hay fever, but it's only  
recently we have begun to find out  
the substance to which migraine suf-  
ferers are usually allergic."

"What could I be sensitive to?"  
asked Helen.

"Most migraine sufferers are sen-  
sitive to a substance produced in  
their own bodies. It is called hista-  
mine."

"Am I sensitive to this—hista-  
mine?"

"I'll be able to tell you in twenty  
minutes when I see how your skin  
reacts to an injection of a very weak  
extract of histamine."

With a hypodermic syringe I in-  
jected into the skin of Helen's fore-  
arm a drop of histamine solution.  
We watched the spot where the in-

jection had been made, and in ten  
minutes a white weal, like a nettle  
sting, started to form. It slowly in-  
creased in size until it was half an  
inch across, then it started to fade.

"It looks as though I am sensitive  
to histamine," said Helen. "Where  
do we go from here?"

"The result of that test makes me  
quite hopeful that your headaches  
can be controlled," I told her.

"When do we start controlling?"

"I'll ring my pathologist and ask  
him to prepare histamine extracts  
for you. The histamine has to be  
specially modified, so that it will  
desensitise without upsetting you.  
Histamine is a powerful substance."

"Desensitising me sounds as if I  
were a bomb and had to have my  
detonator removed." She laughed.

"There's many a true word spoken  
in jest," I said. "Your body has to  
be protected against the painful  
effects of a substance which is nor-  
mally produced in the body."

"How often will I have to have  
injections?" she asked.

"Once a week for the next three  
months," I told her.

"And will that really prevent me  
from getting these headaches?"

"This treatment offers a hope of  
prevention of migraine that medical  
science has never before been able  
to hold out."

"I'll try anything that's as hope-  
ful as that," decided Helen. "Think  
of the money I'll save on headache

powders. I'll call in next week for  
my first injection."

(N.B.: If your doctor has diffi-  
culty in obtaining the testing and  
desensitising material, I can advise  
some possible sources of supply.)

## Medico's article on mental sickness

IN the issue of The Austra-  
lian Women's Weekly of  
April 12, 1947, under the head-  
ing "Wrong Attitude to Mental Sick-  
ness," reference was made to a Mrs.  
Dalton and her son David. As has  
been frequently mentioned in The  
Australian Women's Weekly, all  
names used in Medico's Diary are  
fictitious.

We understand that the publica-  
tion of the article has caused pain  
and unpleasantness to Mrs. Mar-  
garet Dalton, of 12 Waitovu St.,  
Mosman, whose son is named David.

Medico has no knowledge of Mrs.  
Margaret Dalton or her son, who  
has never been in a mental hospital  
or suffered any mental illness; and  
if the fictitious names chosen by  
Medico have been taken by some  
of Mrs. Margaret Dalton's friends  
to refer to her and her son, that has  
been due to an unfortunate coinci-  
dence which The Australian  
Women's Weekly greatly regrets.



Did you MACLEAN  
your teeth to-day?



I never fail!

Maclean your teeth every  
morning and every night . . .  
that's the way to make and  
keep your teeth sparkling  
white. Macleans Toothpaste  
has a most pleasant flavour  
... it tones up the gums and  
leaves the mouth clean and  
refreshed.

11d. and 1/4 per tube.

**MACLEANS  
TOOTH PASTE**

## BABY CRAFT

WELCOME ADVICE  
TO BUSY MOTHERS

No one in the world is more  
busy than the mother of a tiny  
baby, but she doesn't mind so  
long as her little one is  
healthy and happy.

Health and happiness are  
the natural outcome of regu-  
larity. If the little system  
is kept functioning correctly  
from the beginning, so much  
anxiety can be avoided. So  
why not get Steedman's  
Powders right away?

Known to three generations,  
Steedman's are universally  
recognised as the safest and  
gentlest aperient from teeth-  
ing time to fourteen years.  
Promoting healthy regularity  
without harmful purging, they  
are obtainable everywhere.  
Look for the double EE on  
the wrapper to be sure you get  
the genuine Steedman's.

They are made solely by  
JOHN STEEDMAN & CO.,  
DEPT. J., Walworth Road,  
London, S.E.17.

**Peggy Sage**

Exclusive  
Manicure



They're well worn . . . but  
they're worn well

THANKS TO

**KIWI**







HOLLYWOOD make-up artist Jack Pierce brushes on egg facial, details on which are given by Carolyn Earle in the article below.

## Egged on to beauty

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

"THE EGG AND I" HAT, designed by Peter Bondi, of New York, has again-dotted eggs and downy chicks rampant. It's modelled by actress Lois Carter.

SWEET are the uses of the humble hen-egg, now appearing plus glamor and personality as film star of "The Egg and I" and fashion decoration in the egg-basket hat pictured here.

That it is not appearing on the table as often as you'd like is a disadvantage the hens intend to correct when they recover within a few weeks from their seasonal reluctance to produce freely.

Stop to take an inventory of the egg's use, and you may be surprised to find out how many and varied they are.

Its nutritional value is well known. On the top line as a food source rich in vitamin A, and parts of the B complex, its influence on skin and eye health and general vigor is enormous.

As a beauty revitaliser for tired complexions, and as a pick-up for dull, lacklustre locks, it is surpassed by few other single elements.

Is your skin coarse and inclined to be oily? Is it difficult to keep your make-up on?

Then you and the egg should certainly get together in this Hollywood-inspired egg-facial, which is a potent astringent, a quick remover of blackheads, a palliative for crow's-feet and wrinkles.

Here are the detailed steps in this egg beauty pack:

1. Separate the yolks and whites of two eggs.
2. Using the egg-white, stir a little, apply with a soft, firm brush (a pastry brush will do). Put two coats around the eyes, on the forehead, and around the mouth, where wrinkles are most likely to gather.
3. Allow to dry; apply another coat.
4. After three complete coats of

mixture have been painted on and allowed to dry, remove the pack with a soft facecloth and warm water, softened with a bland soap.

The two spare egg-yolks can go back for kitchen consumption.

Perhaps your hair is dry and brittle, badly in need of a shampoo to cleanse the scalp without drying out the remaining natural oils?

Then prepare and apply this egg shampoo, which should leave your hair flatteringly lustrous, easy to manage, and ready to take and hold a smart hair-do.

1. One to three eggs, depending upon the length and thickness of the hair to be shampooed, are broken into a mixing-bowl. Add half-teaspoon vinegar, half-teaspoon glycerine, 10 drops lanoline.
2. Whip up vigorously.
3. Pour the mixture into the hair in small quantities, and carefully massage down into the scalp firmly. No water is used in this operation.
4. After the egg mixture has been massaged into the scalp, the hair is carefully washed with one lot of warm water (never hot), and two tepid rinsings, then set and dried.

## BANISH BORER PEST FROM THE GARDEN

BORERS attack all parts of plants, and as they often girdle or ringbark and kill trees and shrubs should be regarded as a serious pest.

While some only eat their way into the bark and soft wood just below it, others tunnel deeply into the branches and trunks and thus weaken the structural parts of a shrub or tree, resulting in serious breakages, as well as providing means for the entrance of disease and decay organisms.

Cutting out and burning any branches or twigs that may be infested with borers is the quickest method of getting rid of them, but this is not always practicable.

Most of the boring insects belong to either the butterfly, moth, or beetle groups of insects. While we know that the life cycle of many boring insects often requires more than a year, the knowledge of their life history and habits is often rather sketchy.

Control measures consist very largely of exploring

for the grubs or larvae with pieces of sharp, flexible wire, where the grubs have bored tunnels into the wood, but where they merely eat into the bark and are more or less on the surface a sharp knife used to scrape away the sawdust, gum, and excreta usually exposes them and they can be dealt with easily.

Deep tunnelling borers, however, sometimes need to be forced out by means of squirting fumigants like carbon bisulphide or paradichlorobenzene into the holes in the wood, afterwards sealing the entrances with putty.

Even a little kerosene, benzine, petrol, or methylated spirit, squirted down the holes and then sealed, will often kill the grubs. In the last year or two it has been found that trees regularly sprayed or dusted with arsenicals or DDT are relatively free from boring insects. Winter is an excellent time to clean up peach, nectarine, apricot, plum, wattle, and other ornamental trees infested with borers.—Our Home Gardener.

Don't let Grey hair betray you!

Grey hair and glamour simply don't mix. Restore the youthful colour and lustre of your hair with Inecto Rapid. It does not fade, rub, nor brush off. Surfing and permanent waving do not affect it. It cannot be detected.

Consult your hairdresser or buy direct from your chemist. Detailed instructions with each package.



**INECTO RAPID** HAIR COLOURING



**Careers for GIRLS & LADIES**

Here is YOUR Opportunity to study for a Worth-while Career for Yourself. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand	Typing	Handwriting
Bookkeeping	Farm Station	Commercial Art
Accountancy	Designing	Shorthand
Journalism	Finance	Shorthand
Advertisement	Wig	University Exams
Shawards	Tickets	Estate Agents
Draftsmanship	Hard Testers	Architectural
Commercial Work	Window Dressing	Commercial English
Salesmanship	Engineering	Motor, Radio, &c.
General Education		

**Stott's Correspondence College**

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 148 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 58 Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

Mail This Coupon: Cut Here

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ (A.W.W. 147) \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_



Prove this with BIDOMAK in 14 days, or no cost!

### BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS.

Your blood stream brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone and tissue in your body. A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": weakness, lassitude, lumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

### NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH.

When these minerals are supplied the results of mineral deficiency disappear and health returns. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium and potassium. Then he added catalytic copper, and manganese salts in an approved form, to speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY."

**Bidomak**

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.

## Children and Adults

prefer

**HEENZO**  
COUGH REMEDY

for three reasons—

HEENZO

GIVES INSTANT RELIEF  
IS NICE TO TAKE  
AND SAVES MONEY

You can stop the family from getting coughs, colds, and the usual crop of winter ills, and you can stop paying pounds and pounds for bottle after bottle of cough and cold remedies.

Here's what to do, mother.

Simply add to one 2/- bottle of concentrated HEENZO enough sweetened water to make ONE PINT. That's equal to up to 8 bottles—usually costing about 20/-—of ready-made chest, nose and throat remedies.

HEENZO saves money—is nice to take—gives instant relief.

**HEENZO**  
COUGH & COLD REMEDY



A FINE main dish for any dinner: Hamburger patties wrapped in bacon; spaghetti, carrot cubes and celery tossed in a little white sauce give color. For good measure, serve diced turnips drenched with lemon juice and parsley, hot chokoes.



THERE'S nothing at all elaborate or even expensive about these recipes. They present familiar foods in slightly different guise to add variety and interest to the family dinner table.

Planned to serve three, four, or five people, they are well within the reach of the most budget-conscious homemaker.

They have eye appeal and appetite satisfaction.

#### HAMBURGER PATTIES

One pound minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup finely minced onion, 1 tablespoon horseradish sauce, rashers of bacon, 1 cup stock or water, fat for browning.

Combine steak, salt, pepper, onion, sauce. Mix well together. Shape into patties about 1 1/2 in. thick. Wrap half a rasher of bacon round each patty, fasten with a cocktail stick. Heat a small quantity of fat in a heavy saucepan. Brown patties well on both sides. Add stock, cover, and cook over very low heat 35 to 40 minutes. Lift from liquid, remove cocktail sticks. Serve hot, garnished with rings of red pepper or tomato slices. For four or five.

#### LAMB AND VEGETABLE HOTPOT

One and a half pounds unsalted breast of lamb, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon fat, 2 cups water or vegetable stock, 2 onions, 3 sticks celery, 1 carrot, 1 lb. peas, triangles of toast.

Remove bones and excess fat from breast of lamb, cut meat into cubes. Roll well in flour, pepper, and salt. Brown in hot fat, add balance of flour, and brown. Add liquid; stir until boiling. Cover, and simmer gently 1 hour. Add sliced onions, diced carrot, and celery; simmer 1 hour. Fold in shelled peas; simmer 20 to 30 minutes longer. Serve piping hot with triangles of toast. For four or five.

## Main Dish

By our Food and Cookery Experts

● Here are hot and hearty main dishes for winter dinners . . . simple, appetising, and inexpensive.

#### BAKED FISH OMELET

Two cups flaked cooked fish (smoked or fresh), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 level dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, pinch cayenne pepper, squeeze lemon juice.

Blend flour smoothly with milk, turn into saucepan, stir over heat until it boils and thickens. Cool slightly, add beaten egg-yolks, salt, cayenne, lemon rind and juice, onion, parsley, and flaked fish. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Melt butter in 9 in. sandwich-pan, pour in fish mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve piping hot cut into wedges. For three or four.

#### BRAIN AND BACON PUFFS

Filling: Two sets brains, 1 teaspoon salt, small piece onion, 3 rashers cooked bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion.

Soak brains 1 hour in salted water, remove skin. Bring to boil in water to cover; drain. Cover with fresh cold water, add salt and piece of onion. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Drain, cool, chop finely. Mix with chopped bacon, parsley, and chopped onion.

Pastry: Two cups cold mashed potatoes, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, milk to mix.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Beat into potato, mix to a firm dough with a little milk. Roll to 1 in. thickness, cut into 5 in. squares. Place a spoonful

of brain mixture on to each square. Moisten edges, fold to form a triangle. Press edges together with a fork. Deep fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Serve piping hot garnished with tomato slices and parsley. For three or four.

#### SAVORY STUFFED CHOKOES

Four medium-sized chokoes, 1 cup sausage meat, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon flour.

Scrub and peel chokoes thinly (if young, may be left unpeeled), cut in halves. Scoop centres with a teaspoon. Combine all other ingredients, stir 5 or 6 minutes over low heat. Spoon into prepared chokoes. Place on greased oven-tray, bake 30 to 40 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until chokoes are quite tender and filling cooked. Serve piping hot. For four.

#### SEASONED LAMB LOAF

Four leg chops, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon diced onion, 1 grated carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, salt and pepper, little stock or milk, 1 1/2 cups bread seasoning (1 1/2 cups fine white breadcrumbs combined with 1 tablespoon chopped ham or bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon each thyme and marjoram, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, grate of nutmeg, salt and pepper, milk to moisten).

Remove fat from chops, cut meat into small dice or put through mincer. Combine with the 1 cup breadcrumbs, onion, carrot, parsley, beaten egg, salt and pepper, and a little stock or milk if too dry. Place half the mixture in loaf-tin, greased and sprinkled with browned breadcrumbs. Spread with seasoning; add balance of meat mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1 1/2 hours or until meat is tender. Serve hot. For four or five.

#### HAVE YOU TRIED . . . ?

- A hint of fresh thyme, finely chopped, of course, in scrambled egg or in hard-boiled egg sandwiches.
- Or finely chopped mint and a dash of mayonnaise mixed with soft grated cheese for sandwiches.
- Some dough, well flavored with grated lemon rind, thinly rolled and baked over a dish of quinces stewed to a rich pink.
- Adding chopped raisins and grated lemon rind to your favorite pancake batter. Spreading cooked cakes with tangy lemon jam before rolling.
- Simmering sliced, peeled chokoes until tender in a syrup flavored with lemon juice and a curl of lemon rind—even more delicious than stewed pears. Try adding passion/fruit pulp before serving.
- Dusting thick orange slices with brown sugar and cinnamon, grilling, and serving with crumbed veal steak or cutlets.
- Splitting moist, preserved figs and stuffing with cream cheese—dates and prunes respond well to the same treatment.



## BANISH Unightly Harm-Destroying HAIR



Modern frocks, swim suits demand under arms and legs free from hair. For a clear complexion, superfluous hair must be removed. Le Charme Hair Remover positively removes unwanted hair; destroys the roots for good; leaves skin clear and smooth. Odorless, harmless, painless. 7/6

**Le Charme**  
PERMANENT HAIR REMOVER

Unobtainable locally, 7/6, post free, from BOX 2236, G.P.O., SYDNEY

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**Lip-glo**

EIGHT EXOTIC TINTS

PHILIP DARE COSMETICS, BOX 442 G.P.O. ADELAIDE

FULL SUPPLIES  
OF  
AUNT MARY'S  
BAKING POWDER  
AVAILABLE FROM  
YOUR GROCER!

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 3/- & 1/3.

## SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 2/6d. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to

DERMATOPATHIC INSTITUTE,  
271-9 Collins St., Melb., Cl. F3682.



TANGY lemon icing goes well on this rich chocolate prune cake—use whole prunes and blanched almonds to decorate. See recipe below.

## Readers' prize recipes . . .

### Prune cake a winner

TWO healthful ingredients—prunes and wholemeal—are teamed in this week's prize-winning recipe from a Tasmanian reader.

Quinces, now in season, make rich, luscious jams. Mrs. Mitchell, who wins a prize this week for a good quince preserve, suggests combining quinces with apples, crab-apples, or oranges to make a preserve with a flavor that is a little different.

Have you any suggestions of a similar nature? Or have you a good tested recipe which you feel may interest other readers? If you have, enter it in this weekly contest. It may win you a cash prize.

#### CHOCOLATE PRUNE CAKE

One cup prunes, water, 1 cup margarine or butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, 1 small teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1½ cups wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cook prunes in 1 cup of water in which prunes have soaked overnight. Remove from liquid, cut into small pieces; reserve 1 cup of the liquid. Cream margarine or butter with sugar, add eggs one at a time, mixing well. Fold in chopped prunes. Blend cocoa smoothly with a little of the water from prunes, add balance of prune liquid and carbonate of soda. Add to mixture alternately with flour and salt. Turn into 2 well-greased 7in. sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes. When cooked and cooled, cover sandwich with mock cream, top with lemon-flavored icing. Decorate with whole prunes and blanched almonds.

First Prize of £1 to Miss P. Hurst, Piper's River, Tas.

#### BAKED SPONGE WHIRLS

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, jam or dates.

Cream shortening and sugar with vanilla. Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt. Mixture should be firm enough to turn on to floured board. Roll to oblong shape about 1in. thick. Spread with jam or chopped dates which have been softened to spreading consistency by simmering 2 or 3 minutes with lemon juice. Moisten edges, form into a long thin roll. Cut into slices

about 1in. thick. Place cut side up in heated milk in greased ovenware dish. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with custard or lemon sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Spicer, 13 William St., Parramatta North, N.S.W.

#### ECONOMY CREAM FILLING

One scant tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 or 3 dessertspoons warm water, vanilla or any desired flavoring.

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly with flavoring. Gradually beat in powdered milk and when mixture begins to firm stir in warm water a little at a time. Continue in this way until all the powdered milk has been absorbed; continue to add liquid a little at a time to keep mixture soft. Keep in a cool place until required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Luscombe, 44 Flavelle St., Concord, N.S.W.

#### QUINCE PRESERVE

Four pounds quinces, 3lb. sugar, juice of 2 lemons, water.

Peel and core quinces, slice thinly. Place in preserving pan, cover with water, cook until quite soft. Add warmed sugar and lemon juice. Heat gradually until sugar dissolves. Boil quickly until it jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot into dry, hot jars. Seal when cold.

Note: Skins and cores of quinces may be covered with water, simmered 1 hour, and the strained liquid used instead of water in making the preserve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Mitchell, Ashby St., Fairfield S3, Qld.

#### GRAPEFRUIT CONSERVE

Two and a half pounds grapefruit, 12 pints water, 1lb. sugar.

Wash fruit, wipe and soak whole in salted water for 12 hours. Then slice thinly in rings. Place in large bowl and soak overnight in 12 pints of water. Next day boil 1½ to 2 hours, then add sugar. Boil 1½ hours or until it jells when tested on a cool saucer. Turn out and add heaped teaspoon of butter. Stir in, then bottle. When cold, seal and store in cool, dry place.

This recipe won the main prize of £1 for Mrs. W. Warneford, Douglas Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W., in last week's recipe competition.



PEARS DIPPED in a mixture of creamed butter and honey, covered with cake crumbs, and baked in the oven, make a tasty hot sweet served with lemon passionfruit sauce.

## Legal Service Bureaux

For the purpose of giving legal advice and service to present and former members of the Forces and their dependants, the Legal Service Bureau was established in 1942, as part of the Commonwealth Attorney-General's Department. This Bureau is available to assist both men and women. Addresses throughout the Commonwealth are:—

4th Floor, Mercantile Mutual Building  
117 PITT STREET, SYDNEY  
Telephone RW 1052

Saxon House  
450 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE  
Telephone MU 9194

Epworth Building  
PIRIE STREET, ADELAIDE  
Telephone Central 6417

A.N.A. House  
ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE, PERTH

Crown Solicitor's Office  
COMMONWEALTH OFFICES,  
WEST BLOCK, CANBERRA  
Telephone 631

T. and C. Building  
QUEEN STREET, BRISBANE  
Telephone B 9124

Deputy Crown Solicitor's Office  
A.W.C. Building  
CLEVELAND ST., TOWNSVILLE  
Telephone 1972

Commercial Banking Company of Sydney  
EAST STREET, ROCKHAMPTON  
Telephone 3169

Police Building  
FRANKLIN WHARF, HOBART  
Telephone Central 6658  
Deputy Crown Solicitor's Office  
DARWIN

Under Part II of the Re-establishment and Employment Act 1945, members and ex-members of the Forces are entitled to preference in certain circumstances in engagement for employment. They also have other special rights—for example, in relation to housing and tenancy, and moratorium and re-establishment benefits.

The Commonwealth Attorney-General's Legal Service Bureau advises, without charge, on all legal matters affecting servicemen or their dependants. Any member or ex-member of the Forces who believes he has not been given the treatment to which he is entitled, under the Re-establishment and Employment Act or otherwise, is invited to place the facts of his case before the Legal Service Bureau, either by letter or by personal call.

H. V. EVATT,  
Attorney-General of the  
Commonwealth.



## COURTESY Pays

In most wonderful ways:  
It eliminates friction and strife;  
It soothes the wrangle  
And smooths the tangle  
In all the relations of life.  
When there's wrong to right and wounds to bind  
It always pays to be patient and kind;  
When colds prevail, it is courtesy pure  
To offer Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

## THE NAME TO REMEMBER

Flexible IN Plastics



TOBACCO POUCHES, 1/11; MEN'S WRIST WATCH STRAPS, 1/6; UTILITY BEACH BAGS, 6/9; HOUSEHOLD APRONS, 6/-; PIXIE HOODS, 3/11; SHOWER CURTAINS IN FIVE COLOURS, 19/11.

MOULDED PRODUCTS (AUSTRALASIA) LIMITED





## Their health... in your hands

**T**he health of your family is a big responsibility, especially in winter. There are many things you can do. Warm clothes give protection. Nourishing food helps to build resistance. Dependable medicines in the family medicine cabinet make it possible for you to deal promptly and effectively with common winter ills.

You can depend on Nyal Medicines. Nyal Bronchitis Mixture, Nyal Iodised Throat Tablets, Nyal Nasal Drops—these and many other Nyal Medicines provide prompt and effective relief from winter coughs and colds. Nyal medicines are not intended to replace your doctor—they are intended for the treatment of everyday ailments.

This winter—in fact today—why not do the safe thing? Go along to your chemist and ask him to suggest the Nyal Family Medicines that should be in your medicine cabinet.

*Nyal Family Medicines  
are sold only by Chemists*

# NYAL

NYAL FIGSEN . . . NYAL NASAL DROPS . . . NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA  
NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE . . . NYAL IODISED THROAT TABLETS  
ARE JUST A FEW OF THE 168 DEPENDABLE NYAL MEDICINES



FAMILY MEDICINES